THE GREAT NEW $50,000 LEDGER PRESS WE EXPECT WILL BE READY TO PRINT THE ISSUE OF JANUARY THE TWENTY-EIGHTH. LOOK OUT FOR IT! "BURRELL'S TERRIBLE LESSON" AND "THE BOY RAIDERS," NEXT WEEK.

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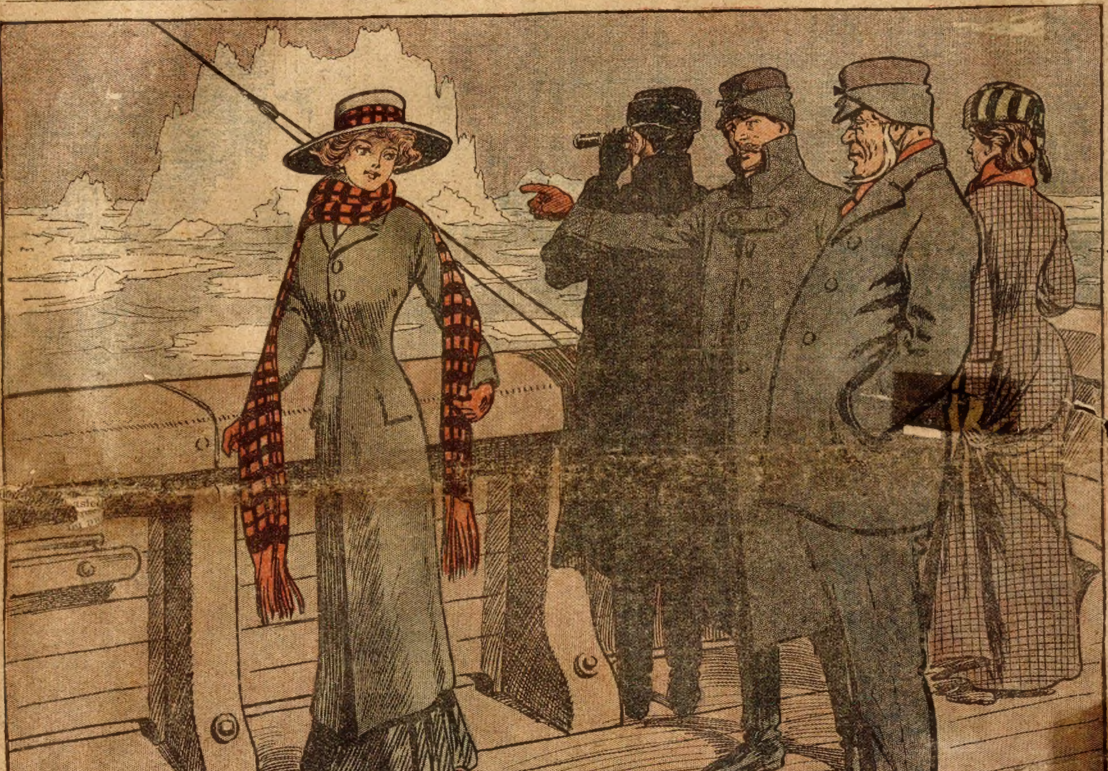

Adrift on an Iceberg;

Or, THE ARCTIC WARRIORS

By William H. Manning

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CHAPTER I.

ARCTIC PRISONERS.

IT WAS an almost-unheard of event for the ice to close in so early in the ocean, and the manner of its coming was even more surprising. The two ships, subject to the keen rivalry between their respective skippers and crews, had lingered on the whaling-grounds past the time of safety, as conditions soon proved, and now they were meeting the first of disastrous consequences.

As far as the eye could reach the Arctic Sea was a stretch of heaving, drifting ice, and the Dancing Peggy was caught in its cold embrace. Small sail was on her yards, for it was dangerous to lie to and risk the impact of a floe, but sludge and brush ice was always washed against her hull, and much of the latter was so large that the grating was practically constant.

Captain Irad Drake stood in the stern and, grasping the taffrail, bent his somber gaze upon the dismal prospect.

"Twenty-five years I have taken whales in these waters," he lamented, "and never the like have I seen before. Pestilence take that fool of a Job Knight and his Sea Pilot! Only for his stubborn mind we would have been in Southern waters before now, and homeward bound for New Bedford with such a take of oil that even the scuttle-butt would be full. And now—now—now——"

"We may get out yet, sir," ventured Solon Wing, the second mate.

"Get out?" shouted the skipper, as if halloing to the mast-head. "Why, man, we've got to get out. It's a choice between that and spending the winter in the Arctic. Ha! don't any man dare say that the chances are we shall be ground into kindling by the ice in a few hours, and every man-Jack of us crushed to death. Still, as I've remarked before, that looks like the probable outcome. Crushed to death by icebergs! Ha!"

He wound up with a snort, and then plucked off his hat and flung it violently upon the deck. Passion had him in its grasp, and he glared about him as if meditating an attack upon somebody.

Ruel Taylor, the first mate, had been leaning upon the rail and watching the dangerous drift astern. Now he turned and respectfully but freely addressed his superior.

"You have warned us, sir, not to alarm the young ladies. Suppose they hear your dismal predictions?"

Captain Irad started. He had been reminded of something he had briefly forgotten. Then he sent a swift glance toward the head of the companionway and, lowering his voice, sharply added:

"True enough, Mr. Taylor. My children must not be alarmed. Any man that does it shall be seized up to the mast and get a bite from a rope's-end. True enough—Dorothy and Mary! Why the blazes did I ever let them come with me on this voyage? Who ever heard of girls sailing in a whaling ship before? Why, it's as strange as the capers this ice is cutting up. Ha, man alive, see that sconce-piece over on our larboard quarter! Let that thing bump into us and the old Dancing Peggy would go to the bottom like a sounding-lead. Almost as big as an iceberg. Ice everywhere! Why, the whaling-grounds are bewitched!"

"Mighty odd, sir," said Solon Wing.

"Odd! The like never happened before. This is not the first time I've taken chances and stayed over-long up here with winter knocking at the back door, as I may say, but see what happened this time. First, that unnaturally warm spell that plainly started the ice adrift from Greenland. Unbelievably unseasonable—contrary to nature. We were hunting whales when it struck, and first we know we were surrounded with ice. Then the wind veered

The Betrothed

She has awakened from her childish dreams
To gaze wide-eyed upon earth's wonderments;
To hear the murmur of soft blandishments
And in her innocence to catch the gleams
Of life's fair promises. To hear the tale
That love delights to sing in maiden ears;
Those magic whispers that so calm the fears
Of tender youth when timid footsteps quail
Before the pure, white shrine of womanhood.
Now wondrous thoughts and strange desires encroach,
And all the hours seem fair and sweet and good.
She runs, light-hearted, on her swift approach
To that great mystery beyond whose door
Her precious girlhood will exist no more.

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into the sou'ard and, to save our ship from being smashed, we sailed north. What then, what then?"

"The ice followed us, sir."

"It did! I don't believe it, but we know it did! Bergs ought in all reason to drift south, but these did the acrobatic act and drove nor'rard-right after us. And they are still chasing us!"

"And we are headed for the North Pole."

"North Pole be hanged! We may be heading that way just now, but I am going to fetch this ship to New Bedford and drink coffee with my family, this winter, in my own diningroom. We will get clear of this ice; yes we will, somehow."

"Where do you think the Sea Pilot is, sir?" asked Wing.

"Don't know, and blamed if I care. It's where we are that worries me. Blast this ice!"

Captain Irad was a man of temper, and he was proving the fact now. It was not a good example to the men forward when the quarter-deck indulged in such useless contentions with fortune, and Ruel Taylor was pleased when light steps sounded at the companionway and two young ladies appeared from below. For, astonishing fact, the captain's daughters were with him on this cruise after whale-oil. The impression was abroad in the ship that the Drake home had seen some lively hours before the skipper had agreed to take his girls, but they had enough of his spirit to insist. They did insist, they had come, and they were now aboard.

Gaining the deck they sent a look to both the larboard and starboard with the true salt-water system, and then the foremost exclaimed:

"Oh! isn't this just delightful!"

"Thunder!" growled Captain Irad angrily.

"Ice everywhere," she pursued. "It surely is lovely. Let me see if I remember my teachings. A great, big mass of ice is a berg, a smaller one is a floe, sconce pieces are smaller yet, and brush ice even littler. Can you remember that, Dorothy, or will it be best for me to note it down in my diary?"

"You wrote that down a month ago," reminded the second girl, smiling.

"Oh! so I did. Father, do tell me—no, I'll ask Mr. Taylor. Now, sir, be truthful and oblige me, is there any hope of danger?"

"Look ye, girl," snapped the captain, "you may as well learn the truth right now. We are playing checkers with death. We hope to run through this stuff, lay our course farther west'ard, and so finally run down t'other coast with a clear sea. If we fail, why, we shall be crushed to death in this ice, for it's bound to thicken and close in upon us. Place an egg-shell on the deck and stamp upon it with your heel. What happens? Well, stout as the Dancing Peggy is, two bergs would crush her as you would the egg-shell."

"How delightful—to read about! But, being here, it sends the seven shivers of What's-his-name creeping along my spine. Ugh!"

Dorothy crossed quickly to Ruel Taylor's side. She was far less voluble than her sister, and, as the mate looked at it, carried a far more level head on her shapely shoulders.

"Mr. Taylor," she said, "what do you expect?"

"I hope to see the end of this ice," he replied.

"That is hardly what I asked. First, as to the coming night. Can we survive it?"

The young man looked into the blue eyes before him and noted that they held no quiver. If Dorothy was not given to superfluous words, she surely was not lacking in courage. Why deceive her now?

"It will be a time of danger," he admitted.

"So I reason. If we keep our canvas on we may run into a floe, and if we lie to a floe may run into us."

"I hope not, but yet—well, you are not ignorant of conditions here."

"Exactly, sir. I don't know why we question and talk, when all has been talked over before. One thing, however, is new. Coming on deck as I have, I notice a deepening of the cold. What about that?"

Ruel sent a swift glance over the pulsing mass of ice.

"You may be right, for I've thought it colder, myself. I'm afraid——"

"Why do you pause? Afraid of what?"

"Why, if it gets cold enough the detached ice will consolidate and become a solid field."

"With us caught within it?"

"Frankly, yes."

"And after that, what? We can't spend the winter here, for we are not suitably provisioned for it. What can we do?"

For Breakfast

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

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Economical
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Serve with cream or milk (hot or cold).

"The Memory Lingers"

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"I suppose we could attempt to march across the ice to the land, thus casting ourselves upon the good will of the Esquimaux, or possibly happening upon some ship. Before we left New Bedford we were told that the year 1837 was to be a lively one in the Arctic exploration. Possibly some seeker for the North Pole is in these waters."

Ruel was trying to drop a few grains of hope for the benefit of the ladies, but his words had reached Captain Drake and failed to create an impression of that kind. The skipper strode forward, thrust his hands deep into his pockets and angrily growled:

"Keep on guessing, young man, and you will be living in a native hut and eating seal all winter, in imagination. Bridle your guesses, for we are not going to play hide-and-seek with any explorers or natives. Come what will, I'll not desert this ship, and no other man deserts her, either. Do you hear me whisper?"

"Oh! father," interposed Dorothy, "Mr. Taylor was only trying to cheer me up. Of course, we are going to get out of this ice."

"Certainly, sir," added Ruel.

"Ugh! two young folks know more in ten minutes than a whole army of experienced persons, and the only weak point in their knowledge is that it isn't so. Well, Mr. Taylor, if you are so sure we're to get out, just go aloft and see something to prove it. Growling aside, see what's visible."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied Ruel cheerily.

Moving, he was soon treading the ratlines and so he mounted to the crow's-nest.

The higher he went the more impressed he was with the undeniable fact that cold was increasing, and his face took on gravity. If the ice formed compactly, and too thick for the ship to push her way through, the whalers were in for a winter of severity unknown to dwellers outside the Arctic. That meant a game of checkers with death.

Reaching his destination he first sent a glance over the sea of tossing ice and then adjusted his glass. A deliberate survey of all quarters brought nothing within the field of the telescope but the bleak sky and the bleaker water, but he was there to see something more. Growing additionally intent, he looked afar. Somewhere off there the rival whalers surely were, and he was curious to learn how they were faring.

Success was not immediate, but he presently raised something else. Outlined against the ugly sky he saw a mass so near its own color that the discovery had been slow. One glance sufficed to tell that it was worth surveying.

It was a great iceberg adrift.

With it once within the glass he saw that it was so near that, perhaps, the naked eye should have discovered it from the deck, and he had his fill of scrutiny. The vast substance was very irregular in form, with peaks, spires and domes rising here and there in fantastic confusion. As long as it kept its distance there was no harm in it, but as it was undoubtedly drifting toward the Dancing Peggy, it was an alarming discovery.

In a collision it would sink the ship at one blow.

At that moment Captain Drake hailed from the deck.

"Hallo, the crow's-nest!"

CHAPTER II.

SIGNS OF TREACHERY.

Ruel turned promptly toward his superior officer.

"Ay, ay, sir!" he called back cheerfully.

"Any sign of that other whaler?" demanded the skipper.

"Not even a dot on the horizon, sir."

"No sign that he has been wrecked?"

"Nothing of that sort, either."

"He can't have got away," bellowed Drake. "It would be just the villainous luck that he would do it, but he simply can't. Stay where you are awhile, Mr. Taylor, and eye the water-line for all you're worth. Raise the Sea Pilot if you can. Oh! that scoundrel of a Job Knight! Why did he want to linger in this vile region so long as to get caught in winter's fist? Oh, the rascally knave——"

There was more, but the mate had shifted his attention back to the iceberg. In a way it was an object to awaken admiration. Several miles long, it was an engine of strength that only one familiar with the Arctic region could appreciate. In comparison, the largest ship was a tiny traveler of the deep, and the blow of the berg would be resistless. A dangerous navigator was that huge mass of ice.

Ruel had been sweeping the face of it with his glass, but he suddenly paused. At one point something unusual had taken his attention. Right there the berg was partly crossed by a crevasse, or seam, that extended from the edge upward toward the summit. In this ravine was a dark mass that surely was not ice, like a black patch upon the steely blue of the surrounding body. What was it?

Several minutes study failed to answer the question to his satisfaction. When a berg leaves the land and goes to sea it usually bears with it, in just such ravines, debris common to the land, such as uprooted trees and the like, and it was the natural presumption that it was such a mass that the mate had under survey, though the theory did not satisfy him.

The black spot seemed too large and compact for even a collection of ordinary debris.

While he watched he saw the view growing dimmer and realized that darkness was approaching. An Arctic day at that time of year was, at the best, painfully short, for the time drew near when all hours would be night until spring opened.

Slinging his glass, Ruel returned to the deck. He had not sighted the rival whaler, but he had enough to report to make matters of more gravity than before. Small masses of ice were bad enough, but a great berg was an ugly neighbor.

"We've got to look alive," growled Captain Drake. "Got to keep out of the way of that chap."

"I suppose," suggested Solon Wing, "that we could take to the boats and try to reach land before the ice freezes stiff."

"I don't suppose anything of the sort!" thundered Drake. "Look ye, man, we have got a cargo of oil in our hold that would make a millionaire chuckle with delight, and by thunder! we are going to take it to New Bedford! Desert this ship? Never!"

"Never!" echoed Mary. "We will take her home, as you say. Desert the ship? Never, never!"

She made a fine picture as she said it, her face defiant, her eyes flashing, her hand sweeping a wide gesture and her voice ringing musically, but with her speech was mingled the grating of the ice against the hull, and the wind crept over the taffrail with a bite like that of an angry dog. There was a power abroad that was mightier than the Drake obstinacy.

When lights were ordered Drake ceased bullying the elements and grew serious of mind. He was a capable shipmaster, and, being anxious to do his best to carry his vessel along in safety, he took every precaution. Floes must be avoided, so he posted lookouts in numbers and ordered every hand to have his eyes wide open. Presently the Dancing Peggy was crawling along in darkness, grinding and bumping the small ice that was a constant reminder, but could do little harm.

If they run aboard larger masses—that idea bred shivers.

It was Rule's watch below, and he had no work on hand. He was idling in the weather waist when one of the crew approached him. He recognized the man as Davy Weed, the carpenter, a very reliable man, and he gave attention as Davy pulled off his cap.

"May I have a word in private, sir?" he asked.

"Certainly. What is it, carpenter?" Ruel replied.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, but is the cap'n bent on holdin' on as we be?"

"Absolutely so, it seems."

"Have you noticed that the crew ain't o' that mind?"

"I admit that I have heard a few words from before the mast, and that some of the hands are not pleased."

"Just so, sir, some o' them ain't. It's about that I want to speak."

Davy turned and sent a swift glance forward, as if to make sure he [illegible] listeners at his back, after which he [illegible] on rapidly.

"'Fore-th-mast is of two minds, sir. Some says stick to the ship, while others says that with us caught in the ice it's our best way to lower the boats while we can an' pull for land. My position in the argument is that we obey orders from aft, which means stick, an' all the more so since the cold is gettin' worse. I think that by day a boat would be froze in solid. So much for history, Mr. Taylor. Now, as to them grumblers. They has been cuttin' up rayther ugly with their tongues, they have."

"Out with it, Davy. Do you look for mutiny?" Ruel demanded.

"I have believed it would all drip away in words, sir, but something has happened that has worried me a bit. My best auger has disappeared!"

"Ha! Your auger gone? What do you make of it?" and the mate's voice rang above their previous speech.

"Gently, sir, gently! I take it you know what it means, usually, when a ship's auger disappears at sea?"

"In a word, it means that somebody wants to bore a hole in the hull and scuttle the vessel!"

"Just so, sir."

"But in this case, shut in as we are in Arctic ice, who would want to do such a desperate deed? The scuttler has his own life to look out for, you know."

"Mr. Taylor, there was never yet so desperate a deed but there was a man whose nature was equally desperate. That's logic. As for our case, I've got a sudden idee."

"What is it?"

"There's a pile o' rivalry in the whalin' business. Suppose, sir, that when we sailed from New Bedford there was a man among the crew whose regular, hired-out business was to scuttle the Peggy when she was deck-full, an' s'pose that aforesaid man was now reckless enough to stick to his purpose?"

"Why, carpenter——"

"I've got to go, sir. Some o' the hands are glimpin' this way, an' they may suspect me. Remember, we don't know who stole my auger."

"Davy, get that implement back again, if you hunt the whole ship over. If we have a scuttler aboard he must be shorn of his power."

"Ay, ay, sir, I'll have it back all right. No more now, Mr. Taylor." Then Davy raised his voice and added: "Why, yes, sir, our hull is as strong as they make them, an' the Peggy will stand a whole lot o' thumpin' from the sconce pieces. Ay, ay, I'll wager I can stop any ordinary leak, if one arises. Thank you, sir."

Winding up with this bit of diplomacy, the carpenter slipped away and joined his shipmates. He left Ruel greatly disturbed. Argument might attack Davy's belief with a sharp sword, and it did seem impossible that any human being should scuttle a ship under existing conditions, but the affair of the auger would not down, and, save for the hope that the matter would prove commonplace, after all, it was adding worry to worry.

The Peggy was precious substance in that icy sea. From keelson to topmost spar she was more valuable than anything else on earth, for she was the casket which held the lives of her crew. Matters had reached a point where taking to the boats would be madness, and all depended upon the craft that was grinding her way through the ice.

Scuttle her? It would be a deed so black that it bred shivers in the mate's flesh, and he longed to have the scoundrel in his clutches. Meditation, however, took the edge from his worry. The disappearance of the auger might be the idle joke of somebody, or even carelessness on somebody's part. Ruel told himself that it was so, and tried to believe it.

Captain Drake stuck to his post, no longer talkative, but grim and resolved, and keenly alert. In his late passion he had seen fit to lay all the blame upon the rival skipper, but it was an excuse nobody believed in, for the blame lay upon them equally. Eager to fill their ships to the utmost, and rendered utterly reckless by the determination to outdo each other, they had lingered too long and been caught in the ice.

Now, it was Drake's duty to save his ship, and he had a task so weighty that it was staggering.

The Peggy held her course, her sails trimmed with all possible cunning, the idea being to have just enough way upon her to match the flow of the ice, thereby avoiding impact with it as much as possible. This evening, however, matters were looking blacker than ever before. The wind that crept over the stern had a nip painfully keen, and the dullest of the ordinary seaman saw but one outcome. Under the increased cold the water was bound to freeze, the Peggy would be caught, and the chances were that the Arctic would not loosen its grasp for many weary months.

The captain called Ruel to him.

"That iceberg, Mr. Taylor. Did I ask you how it seems to drift?"

"It was far off, but it seemed making way directly after us."

"Ay, but its speed?"

"I could tell nothing as to that, sir."

"Too far away, eh? You say its a big one?"

"I guessed it to be ten miles wide, though that is uncertain."

"It must move sluggishly," said Drake, pulling at his heavy beard. "It can't overtake us; no, it can't. At least, not while we are under sail. But if we got obstructed—"

He fell silent, while Ruel listened to the grind under the Peggy's counter. Already, he believed, there was a harsher grating there, as if the ice was stiffening in the bitter breath of the cold.

Suddenly the captain stirred from unpleasant thought.

"Go below, Mr. Taylor, and get some rest while you can. I am a bit fagged out, and I may see fit to leave the deck wholly to you later on. We must keep our strength up, my lad. Go, and try to sleep."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate cheerily, and he passed down the companion steps.

The cabin of the Peggy was unusually large and comfortable for a whaler, being furnished in light shades and well illuminated by the big lamp that swung from the deck-beam. Ordinarily, there were comfortable staterooms for two officers, but with the girls along Ruel had nothing better than a bunk of limited proportions. He turned in, now, all standing, and, making a heroic effort to cast off depression, soon fell asleep. Sleeping, he heard sounds of rare character on shipboard to color his rest, for, though the bulkheads were groaning but little, the chugging noise of the bumping ice was everywhere.

When he awoke somebody was knocking at his side and he leaped out quickly. The cook was there, with a message from Drake that his chief officer was wanted on deck.

Ruel went, and at the foot of the companion the cold took hold of him like knives cutting in unison. When he rose to the planking the last hope of seeing New Bedford faded away. He was in a dead, still, heart-grinding air that seemed to congeal his very blood. It was bitter, but something else was worse, and he was shifting his gaze from rigging to sea when Drake's grasp fell roughly on his arm.

"What do ye see up aloft?" demanded the skipper.

"Well, sir, you have shortened sail more, and what's there is off its course."

"How many knots are we making?"

"Frankly, sir, we seem barely to have steerage way on now."

"There you have it!" growled the captain. "It's come, or mighty near it. Hear the sound under our overhang! Grate, grind, bump!—the Arctic has got us!"

"You mean—"

"Why do you stop? In a word, the whole sea is freezing solid! We have ground along while we could, but it has stiffened too much in our path. The Peggy barely sheers it, and I've had to well 'nigh strip her to save her spars. Too much pull for what could be accomplished. If we had all our cloth on we should bump along to so little purpose that the gain would amount to nothing."

Ruel was silent, and the skipper went on grimly.

"It's got to come! We shall be frozen in solid before many hours. I wish to Providence I had never permitted my girls to come north!"

He took a long, heavy-footed turn on the deck, and then came back.

"Let us imagine that we are fully and permanently frozen in, and doomed to spend a winter in the Arctic. What are we to eat? We left New Bedford with generous stores aboard, but they were calculated only for the whaling season. With economy, these stores can be made to last two months, or even a bit more, but that is only a small part of the Arctic winter. We are without clothing fit for such weather, but we will overlook that. What are we to eat?—what are we to live on?"

"There are seals, bears—"

"If they can be found. A party of three or four might manage to live, but a whole ship's crew—what?"

"I see, sir."

"And then, who would go hunting with the mercury sixty odd below zero, when clad as we are clad?"

"I, for one, would do my best."

"And freeze!"

The mate kept his temper with difficulty. Long before, when the sea was still open, he had time and again urged that they give over the chase of whales and lay a course for southern waters. Drake's pig-headed obstinacy had kept them on the grounds, and lugubrious words now exasperated the younger man. To Drake's credit be it said, however, he was as free from whining as from passion. Confronted with the worst, he was grim, resolute and forceful, and if he saw the perils of the future, there was nothing unmanly about his position.

"I've called you," he suddenly added, "to take the deck. I must have a bit of sleep, for I want to take advantage of the little glimpse of daylight we shall have tomorrow. Maybe something can be done."

"Meaning, to leave the ship?"

"Never while I live!" grated the skipper. "I'll stick to the Peggy as long as a plank holds. Desert my ship? Never, sir, never!"

CHAPTER III.

CLOSING IN.

The mate did not argue the point, and Captain Drake soon went below. Ruel made an entire circuit of the deck, looking at the sea and sky from all possible points, and then returned to his proper post. He was disposed to ease off on his duties long enough to consider the latest developments when the man at the wheel addressed him. This man was Jerry Boxx, perhaps the ablest seaman aboard, and a model of loyalty, and Ruel did not refuse to listen when he talked. It was well to heed the voice of the forecastle then.

"Beggin' pardon, sir, but this here weather is really nippin'," Jerry remarked.

"All of that, surely."

"I heard what the cap'n said. He won't desert the Peggy."

"So he said."

"Well, then, the Peggy will desert him."

"Meaning—what?"

"I spent a winter in the Arctic fourteen year ago, sir. Come up this way with the John K. Nash relief party, you see, to hunt up missin' explorers. Well, I got some pointers in regard to Arctic doin's then. I can say that this ice around us ain't goin' to freeze in the shape it is. No almost level plain, sir; don't think it! Them heavier floes, and what bergs there be, are goin' to keep on cruisin' an' they will drift together, ker-smack, and when they do that this good old hooker will be ketched betwixt them and ground into the smallest kindlin' wood you ever see in your life."

"And then?" questioned Ruel quietly.

"Whatever is betwixt at the moment of collision meets the same fate. Every man-jack on us will be a plaster fit to slap on a sick man's back, an' no bigger than that same plaster, sir."

"From which I infer that you counsel leaving the Peggy?"

"That's it, sir, but we can't do it now. It would be madness to take to our boats in yonder sea. All we can do is to get ready, and then wait for chances. If luck turns right we may get to some safe place, but if it turns ill, why, it's good by for us. Beggin' your pardon for venturin' of my opinions, sir."

"No harm done, Jerry. Have you no suggestion?"

"Nothin' but to make ready to go, an, then wait."

The sailor had exhausted what he had to say, and though he would have been willing to hash it over indefinitely, there was no good reason why he should. Ruel left him and went closer to the rail. With so many lookouts in all parts of the ship there was no call for him to act in that capacity, but he stood looking off into the gloom and thinking. Previously, his spirits and his labors had often been lightened by the presence of Dorothy and Mary aboard, but he wished them well away then. If Irad Drake wanted to play checkers with Death, he never should have had his daughters on the playing-board.

Looking over the starboard quarter the mate's attention was suddenly attracted by sight of a floe of some size in the distance. No lookout had reported it, for the very good reason that it was on the same tack with the Peggy, and consequently shorn of mischief, but it was such a lusty fellow that Ruel found it worth looking at.

Big, blacker than the night, and representing half-sleeping power, it was suggestive of what these Titans of the deep could do when so minded. And the thing that this floe could do was to crush a ship out of shape and out of existence. This was nothing new, and as the Peggy had only to hold a course well clear of the icy giant, it would soon have been forgotten but for the mate's analysis born of curiosity. Looking, he made a discovery.

The floe was moving faster than the ship!

Simple words, and fact easily explained. The Peggy was under small sail, and so chained, as it were, by the slush and sconce pieces, that she barely carved her way through, but the floe minded the impediments not at all, and plowed her course resistlessly. So far, nothing, but a dull man could read more. If one big mass of ice could overhaul and outstrip the whaler, so could another, and that meant much.

An iceberg might at any moment come prowling astern, and in that obstructed sea the Peggy could not run away from her. That meant that she must be overwhelmed by a force so far greater that comparison was not to be thought of.

Ugh!—he gave a shiver and sounded a growl as he remembered the huge berg that he had sighted before darkness fell. Directly after he caught up the night-glasses and made for the after-shrouds, where he was soon footing it up the ratlines. The lookout aloft was plainly surprised at having a companion from the quarter-deck, but he ventured some friendly remark to convey the idea that he was himself alert. Ruel answered briefly, and then tried his eyes.

How he longed for daylight then!

The first sweep brought nothing new to view, but as he kept it up and grew more accustomed to the gloom a series of floes seemed to leap out of the night as if on wings. Mechanically he numbered them, and the result startled him. It was perfectly clear that they were closing in upon the whalers like so many detachments of a mighty army, and, like their comrade seen from the deck, making nothing of the smaller obstructions.

Suddenly the mate again brought the glass to bear on the sea astern. First view had told nothing unusual, but he peered now with his eyes strained to their utmost. Peering, he gradually brought something new to view. The something was what might be called a double sky-line, for the expanse lay in three shades, each differing from its fellow, though so slightly that the previous view had not told the tale. Double sky-lines were not in nature, and Ruel realized the truth.

The vast iceberg was bearing down upon the ship, and had already cut the intervening distance down to one-half what it was by day. Bearing down, it brought destruction in its path.

Five minutes he looked, and then, without a word to the sailor, snapped the glass and trod down the ratlines. It was no time for Captain Drake to sleep, and one of the hands was promptly sent to call him. He soon came, and heard the story with few questions to interrupt. The iron in his nature came out then, and he was grimly cool.

"We can't run away from it," he remarked steadily.

"Not when the Peggy refuses to budge faster."

"If we shift our helm and run to either quarter it will be the same or worse."

"So it seems, sir."

"And a collision will wreck us utterly. What's to do?"

Ruel had no answer ready, nor did Drake wait for one. Wheeling, he fell to pacing the deck with firm steps, his head lowered. This went on for several minutes, and the silence was only broken by one muttered exclamation from the skipper: "If it wasn't for the girls!" Their father's heart was in the right place, and they were his one worry then. Finally he turned aside and, going to the binnacle, held his watch to the light that flowed out above the hood.

"We shall have the moon in an hour, Mr. Taylor," he said calmly. "That will give us a better survey. I'll sleep until then, but be sure you call me when the time is up, and let me find you taking a new look from the crow's-nest."

He disappeared, and was doubtless soon asleep, but he did not leave a sleepy mate. Ruel was exasperated because nothing was done that looked to the future. Had he been master of the Peggy he would have had all hands and set them to broaching stores for possible emergencies.

It had come to him that, if they were hard pressed, the great iceberg was their one refuge, but food would be needed there. That matter of food hung heavy on his spirits. On what were they to live if the Arctic shut them in?

The hour passed, the moon rose feebly and in crescent, a sailor was sent to summon the captain and Ruel again went aloft. There was no longer difficulty in getting the berg into the field glass. It loomed dark and threatening, and so close that the moon brought it easily to the scope of the naked eye.

He was about to turn away when the lookout by his side cried out quickly.

"Beg pardon, sir, but ain't that a ship over yonder? Looks like old Job Knight's hooker. Right on our larboard quarter, sir."

Ruel veered the glass as indicated and quickly had the view. Away on the quarter was a black bulk from which rose masts sparsely clothed, and one look was enough.

"Right," he agreed. "That's the other whaler. The Peggy is not the only one caught in the muddle, and Captain Knight has a chance to do a little thinking on his own hook, now."

"No great loss if that crew goes under, sir. I know some o' them of old—Harpoon Josh, Shadow Ike, Andy Small an' the rest. Bad lot, they be, but then, here's hopin' they will weather the trouble."

It was not in nature for the mate to shed any tears over the present situation of the rival whalers, but he did not stay to discuss the point. Descending, he reported to Drake.

"I can see the berg from here," said the skipper calmly, "and as we can't run away from her we must do the next best thing. That floe on our beam. Do you think we can board her?"

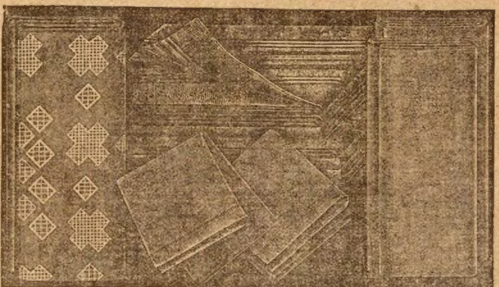
"This is a dubious sea to send a boat through, sir."

"What must be must be. I won't admit that the Peggy is a doomed craft until I hear her ribs crack under pressure of the ice, and see the larboard and starboard bulwarks close up together like a jack-knife, but there can't be folly aboard when my girls are here. We must make ready to abandon the old hooker, but once that is done, we will stick to the last safe minute. All hands, Mr. Taylor."

Ruel called to the boson, who, in turn, ran to the forecastle scuttle and thundered the call to the watch below. They had turned in all standing, and they came tumbling up like the lads they were. Drake took them in hand.

"Men," he called, "there is no danger now, but we want to be on the safe side in case of emergencies. If we have to take to the ice we shall need food and clothing. Broach what is needed. Boson, overlook the job, and see to it that nothing is left undone."

"Ay, ay, sir!" shouted the officer addressed, who then added: "Jump, my bullies!—limber your legs and unknot yo arms. Follow me, and we will have those stores on deck instanter. Jump, you pine-knots!"



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The skipper had turned to the rail and was gazing at the floe.

"I've seen worse places to be in," he remarked. "If we had warmer garments, more food and something to make a fire of, as well as a building of some sort—why, that's all we need."

It was the stout speech of a brave man, but Ruel, equally brave but more thoughtful, found no reply ready. Only these things needed, but they had none of them, and the bite of the Arctic wind stiffened his cheek more than ever. It was a sickening situation. Death from hunger and the great cold rode with them on that bleak sea.

The hands worked briskly, and the deck was soon littered with the necessary articles. The tramping of their flying feet bred one result below, and Dorothy and Mary made their appearance.

"What new trouble is aboard?" the latter asked lightly.

"Not a thing," replied the captain hastily. "Not a thing, my robin. Why don't you stay below and nap it out?"

"When sailor-men run about like bees there's a reason. We have no wind to harrass our masts and sails. What's afoot, Ancient Mariner? A leak, or—well, I'm listening. Mr. Taylor, you sometimes—unlike my grizzly bear of a father—you sometimes tell the truth. Do it now!"

"I'm the only truthful person in this ship!" declared Drake. "Don't vex my mate with conundrums."

"You are making ready," said Dorothy, pointing to the piled up stores forward, "to abandon the Peggy!"

"When we have to, lass. Not before."

"A boat cannot be rowed through the press of ice."

"Then you shall see us do the impossible. If need be, the boat goes, and all of us in it."

"The Sea Pilot is ou our quarter," exclaimed Mary.

"Oh, ay!—trust those scullions to run this way for help if there is danger. Hang those fellows! why can't they manage their own affairs and keep out of my sight."

"They are not hunting for help, father mine, but are as helpless as we are. I'm sorry they are near, for there are men aboard the Pilot who would stop at no lawless act. Guard your stores. Captain Drake!"

"The first Pilot that touches them dies, lass. A tough gang old Job Knight has in his forecastle, and Minker, his mate, is a bad egg all out of reason, but we will give them the cold shoulder. Let's forget them."

"Why do you look astern so sharply?" pursued Dorothy. "Oh! I see; the great berg is bearing down upon us. It is wise to abandon the Peggy, but—but where shall we go?" and her voiced trailed off into a catch that told of brief alarm.

"If we can't ride in this hooker we will ride on a floe or berg. Never you fear, lass. Now, trot down below, and let me have a clear deck."

The girls did not go, but they ceased engaging the captain's attention, well knowing that he needed all his wits in that crisis.

Ruel had lost the last of this talk, for his uneasy mind had turned his gaze upon the iceberg. That huge mass was steadily overhauling the whalers, for the smaller ice that held the Peggy back so painfully offered no hindrance to the leviathan. In its slow, ponderous, resistless way it was sailing onward and drawing so close aboard that the mate was really startled.

Something ought to be done, but what? To stay in the ship seemed either to be crushed to death or drowned, while refuge on the miserable, bleak floe suggested a lingering death from cold or starvation. Had it not been for the courage that burned bright with him, Ruel would have weakened utterly and welcomed a quick end.

Why hope when hope was useless?

The moon was now on the berg, and the sight was pretty. Above the main level of the monster rose numerous domes and pinnacles, and these were not only outlined against the sky but, flooded with the moonlight, were bright and fine to look upon. Bleak as it was, it was so plainly the one suitable refuge that the mate suddenly wheeled upon Captain Drake.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but the berg is no longer remote, so it can be thought of in a new way. Why not land upon it, instead of on the floe?"

"Ah, lad, see what's between! We should have to row directly through a couple hundred masses of drifting ice, of sizes from a football to a house, and all would be humping against us and trying to smash our boats. Did I say trying? How could it be otherwise? Ay, ay, we should soon be caught between two of those thumping, bumping lumps and totally crushed. Eh?"

"But if we board the floe, may not the berg shiver it into fragments when the collision comes, and come it surely must. There is a bit more risk in my plan, but once we get to the berg—what can crush a block of ice twelve miles square?"

Dorothy turned quickly upon the skipper. It was in her mind to champion Ruel's scheme stoutly, but when she looked at Drake she held her peace. He was gazing at the leviathan and pulling at his beard severely, plainly plunged into deep thought. She held out her hand and checked Mary, as she had checked herself.

"Let him think!" she urged. "He may see the best way, and we must find that way or perish. We are in terrible danger!"

At that moment Jerry Boxx walked to the group and pulled off his hat apologetically.

"Beggin' pardon, sir," he said quietly, "but if the captain will look over beyond the other vessel he may see somethin' I don't like. There's a black cloud mountin' the sky there, an' it's dead sure it means a squall or tempest. If a hard wind hits us this calmness will become a raging inferno n which we shall be smashed on the floes, f I may be so bold as to say it. There's eath in that thing, sir!"

Ruel had wheeled and was looking where Jerry pointed. It required only one glance to sight the cloud. A pall like ink was riding up the heavens, its foot upon the horizon and its head rearing like the monster t was, while at its summit the rim swayed as though wind was already loosening itself there.

A dark, pitchy, ominous shape it was, and a thing to dread. As the sailor had said, ath rode in that ebon cloud.

The continuation of this thrilling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

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Where Women Rule.

The paradise of the mother-in-law has been discovered. Nunivak Island, a low, marshy bit of land lying in Behring Sea, just off the Alaskan Coast, between the mouths of the Yukon and Kushokwim Rivers, is its location, and suffragettes who are looking for campaign material will do well to ask Uncle Sam's anthropologists for further information regarding this little fragment of the great territory of Alaska.

The wife and mother is boss on Nunivak Island. It would be understating the case to say that she wears the trousers, for skirts are a garment known only by hearsay to the women of all uncivilized northern Alaskan tribes. The Nunivagmute wife not only wears trousers, but lives up to them.

For instance, when a young Nunivagmute brave begins to think of marriage and pops the question to a buxom belle with a complexion like rich jersey cream, and a roly-poly figure clad in a muskrat parka, he does not receive the time honored answer, "Go see papa." He is referred to mamma, and what mamma says goes.

The mothers of the young people conduct all the negotiations. After that papa and the girl have nothing to say about the matter, and instead of promising his bride-to-be a sealskin for a wedding present, the prospective groom is compelled to pay over to his mother-in-law a number of sealskins varying with the age and physical attractions of the bride.

Nor can he borrow the sealskins from the village shylock. He must have killed a stated number of walrus and seal with his own hand before he is regarded as an eligible suitor, and be able to convince the girl's mother that he can make good as a provider of food and clothing before he can have the daughter.

All these and many other interesting facts will be contained in a report that L. L. Bales, the veteran Alaska guide and hunter, will make to the Government at Washington soon on the results of his visit to Nunivak Island last summer for the purpose of taking the census and investigating the feasibility of establishing a Government reindeer station on the island.

O, the Curious Crowd.

In the midst of the noon hour rush Saturday a patrol wagon clanged down the street loaded with half a dozen policemen, turned into a cross street and stopped in front of one of the big department stores.

The patrol sergeant jumped out and hurried into the store, while a crowd of curious persons congregated around the wagon a dozen of the bolder ones rushed into the store at the sergeant's back. The rumor quickly spread that the store had been raided, that the store was afire, that a masked burglar had tried to hold up the manager, and a large portion of the tide of pedestrians up and down the street was diverted to the patrol and the sidewalk of the department store.

The sergeant came out again, jumped up beside the driver and held a whispered conversation. Then he returned to the store, and the patrol drove slowly to the rear entrance of the big building. The crowd saw the ruse and surged behind. The wagon backed up to the curb, the policemen jumped out and entered the rear door. The crowd waited breathlessly. In a few more moments the police came out with arms burdened down with bundles of winter uniforms.

"Stung," muttered the sergeant as the patrol drove away again.

Mr. Browning and the Cook.

While Robert Browning and his son Barrett were living alone in Florence the son gave, one afternoon, an exhibition of his own paintings in the family drawing room. To Mr. Browning was assigned the task of meeting the guests. Late in the afternoon, when the room was well filled, there appeared at the drawing room door a woman whose face was familiar, yet Mr. Browning could not recall her name, and he judged from her appearance that she was not an invited guest.

There was embarrassment on both sides for a moment; then the woman said eagerly, "O, please, Mr. Browning, I'm the cook. Mr. Barrett said I was to come and see his pretty pictures."

Whereupon Mr. Browning, offering his arm, showed the cook about the room with all the attention that he could have bestowed upon a reigning queen.

Trouble at the Museum.

"What is that horrible smell?" asked the manager.

"The living skeleton called the India-rubber man a 'rubber neck,' and he's burning with indignation," explained the obese lady.

A Dog's Strong Stomach.

Husband—I don't see how you can kiss that dog.

Wife—Huh! I don't see how dear little Fido can stand it to kiss me, when he knows I've just been kissed by a horrid man."

Wisdom of Experience.

"Your husband," remarked the intimate friend, "looks like a man who would be easy to get along with."

"Yes," rejoined the bride of six long months, "he's almost as easy to get along with as he is to get along without."

The Right Answer.

"What is meant by 'rule of three,' pa?"

"When a man, his wife and her mother try to run things together."

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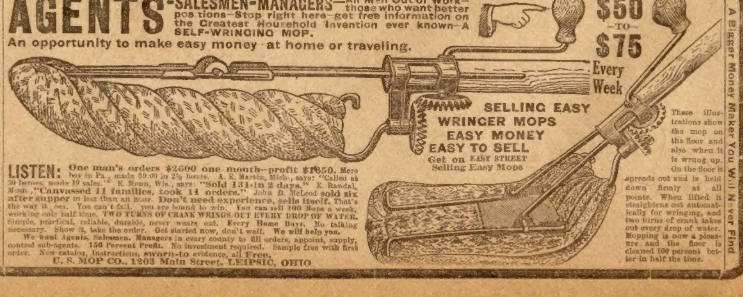
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CHAPTER IV.

ANITA MENDOZA.

ON THE afternoon of the appointed Wednesday, Senor Dioneza arrived in Panama with his man Garcia. Harkless was waiting for them at the station with a carriage, in which he drove them to the hotel, where he had engaged rooms for the Spaniard. When Dioneza and the detective were alone in the former's room, Garcia having discreetly left them on a sign from his master, Harkless proceeded to at once acquaint his client with what had transpired since his last report, adding that Smith had managed to gain the maid's confidence, and that they were now the best of friends, so that from now on nothing that happened at the villa could escape them. Cabrenoza had called twice on the young woman, both times at night between the hours of eight and nine, leaving the villa formally before the servants, but returning later in the night and staying until dawn. Dioneza listened to this report without the least quiver of emotion on his face, but when he spoke the hard, metallic ring of his voice told that the unnatural calm bore no good for the guilty pair.

"Since you know every one of her movements and most of her plans in advance, you may be able to tell me what she intends doing tonight?" asked the Spaniard darkly.

"She has purchased a box seat at the National Theater and will attend the gala performance, which is to be attended by the President and other high officials."

"You, of course, know the exact location of the seat?"

"Certainly. It is exactly opposite to Cabrenoza's private box. He is also to attend the performance in company of his son, Carlos, who returned recently from Colon, and of his sister and her two daughters."

"Get two seats for tonight in a part of the house from whence one can see without being seen."

"You mean that you want me to accompany you?" asked the detective, somewhat annoyed, for he had planned to take Adriana and Mrs. Williamson to the performance, thinking that his client would not care to go anywhere that night.

"Yes," shortly answered Dioneza.

"Very well; I will get the tickets and come for you at the appointed time."

"I wish to get in after the rise of the curtain."

"Very well, sir," and Harkless, rising, took his leave, Dioneza answering his "Good afternoon" with a slight inclination of the head.

After buying the tickets, Harkless returned to the Williamsons' home in time for the evening meal. During the course of the dinner he announced:

"I am sorry, but I shall not be able to accompany you to the theater tonight, as I had intended."

"Oh, daddy!" cried Adriana disappointed, "I so wanted you to come."

"You couldn't have wanted it more than I, but business before pleasure. My client arrived this afternoon and he wants my services for the evening."

"Then we can't go?" pouted the young girl.

"Why not?" laughed her aunt, amused. "Have you forgotten that I am an engineer's wife, therefore capable of taking care of myself and others, seeing that I have had to learn not to depend on my husband to take me anywhere? I more often go alone than with Edward, who is away the greater part of the time. Don't worry, Adriana, we can do very well without your father."

"I thought as much," added Harkless, "and, though my client's plans disappoint me personally, I knew it would not interfere with your pleasure. If I can get away, I will try to join you in time to see you home."

Adriana's face had cleared with her aunt's promise, and now that Harkless gave her hope of meeting them after the performance, she gave herself up to the pleasant anticipation of the pleasure in store. Harkless waited until the two women had dressed for the theater, wishing to see his daughter in her evening finery.

He certainly was rewarded for the waiting, for Adriana looked unusually sweet and charming in her simple white gown, the square cut at the neck, showing the white throat, around which was a double row of pearls of brilliant luster. Proud and happy, he kissed the girl good-by, thinking as he did so that she was well worthy of the sacrifice he was making in the crushing back of his personal feelings and scruples to further the heartless and relentless vengeance of the vindictive Spaniard.

The theater was crowded with the elite of Panama's society, and, in the different types of beauty of the social leaders, one could trace the native characteristics of the nations from which they came, the dashing American belle, with her perfect assurance and independence, the blonde German, with her heavy gold tresses, the vivacious French, the dark-eyed Spaniard and her languid grace, each, contrasting with the other, thereby bringing into relief the most charming features of each, while the richness of the gowns, the sparkle of gems gave to this bouquet of human flowers the needed variation of color.

Adriana, who had but recently left the convent, gazed about her with wondering eyes, as this was her first glimpse of society, and to the unsophisticated mind of the young girl, the whole scene was more like a dream of fairyland than the everyday existence of mere human beings out on frolic. Mrs. Williamson, pleased with the girl's excitement took pleasure pointing out to her the notables as they entered—representatives from different countries with their wives and daughters, noted engineers of the Panama Canal, wealthy Panamanians of Spanish birth or descent, and the republic's own dignitaries, the President, the three designados, noted members of the assembly, visiting Governors of the provinces, the mayor or alcalde of the city.

"You know everybody," at last cried the girl in surprise.

"I haven't much else to do, with your uncle away so much of the time. Having no occupation of my own, I naturally meddle more or less with other people's business and the goings and comings of society prove especially interesting to me," laughed Mrs. Williamson.

"Then you are not personally acquainted with all of them?" asked Adriana.

"Mercy no, not at all, though I have a fair list of acquaintances amid the notables of the city, because of your uncle's semi-official position. I can safely promise you a pleasant time," was the aunt's smiling comment.

But Adriana did not hear her, for her eyes were fixed in a fascinated gaze on the box to the left, in which two men and three women were taking seats. In one of the men, faultlessly clad in evening clothes, Adriana had recognized the stranger of Colon.

"Ah," remarked Mrs. Williamson, without noticing her niece's evident emotion, "I see you are looking at the Cabrenozas."

"Is that his name?" asked Adriana eagerly.

"Yes, Cabrenoza, father and son, both well known in Panama because of their wealth and political prominence. The elder Cabrenoza will no doubt be the next first designado, which, in the United States, would be equal to being Vice-President."

"And the son?" asked the girl after a moment's hesitation, her eyes still fixed on the haunting face which she had vainly sought to forget.

Mrs. Williamson laughed. "I see the young man has more fascination for you than the father. It is quite natural that it should be thus. Well, here is what I know of the young Senor Carlos Cabrenoza. Left an independent fortune at the death of his mother, who killed herself because of a quarrel with her husband, he has so invested it that he is now considered one of the wealthiest men in the republic after his father. He has, nevertheless, taken up the profession of law and is making a record, and he is in the assembly, to which he was elected last year. A brilliant intellect, coupled as you can see, to a fine physique."

At this moment young Cabrenoza bent with a gallant smile over the back of the chair of one of the younger women in the party, addressing some remark to her which caused her to glance up to him in sudden amusement. A pang of jealousy wrung Adriana's heart, and she asked with effort:

"Do you know the ladies, too?"

"Yes, I even have a calling acquaintance. The elder is the Senora Enrique Essilva, sister of Cabrenoza, and the two younger women are her daughters, the Senoritas Carmen and Dolores."

"Then they are only his cousins?" broke from Adriana in sudden relief, thus betraying to her aunt the secret of her interest in young Carlos, showing Mrs. Williamson that she was no longer dealing with a child, but with a budding woman.

At this moment a stir, which seemed to be taking in the whole room, caused the two women to look away from the left box to make out its nature and its cause. They noticed that most glasses were fixed on the box opposite. Turning, they saw the reason. A woman of the most wondrous beauty was settling herself in one of the front chairs. It was a striking face of the brunette type with flaming black eyes, large and limpid, a perfectly arched mouth, whose full red lips were voluptuously alluring, the whole crowned with glossy coils of jet-black hair, which brought out the creamy whiteness of the skin. She wore a sumptuous gown of some clinging material of a dark crimson tint, which brought out the matchless perfection of her figure, the bare arms and shoulders glimmering white and perfect from the rich tints of the gown. Around the neck a coil of diamonds, in the hair a glittering star of the same gems, and on one white arm, a coiling gold serpent bracelet, the scales of which were diamonds of unusual brightness, completed the bewildering picture of sumptuous wealth and peerless beauty.

"Who is she?" asked Adriana in breathless excitement, forgetting in the admiration of the moment the handsome Carlos in the opposite box.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Williamson, as she, like the rest, fixed her opera glasses on the newcomer, who seemed unconscious of the sensation she was producing, having removed her wraps with slow, indolent grace.

The same question and the same reply were uttered by many with the same result; no one knew the beautiful woman. Suddenly those who were watching her, saw her smile radiantly as she inclined her head. Following the direction of her gaze, they saw that Don Ricardo Cabrenoza was answering the salutation. Immediately to the prestige of her beauty was added that of her acquaintance with the most prominent man of the republic, after the President.

Adriana, who, like the others, had turned to see to whom the woman bowed, felt for a second her heart throb painfully as she feared that the bow had been addressed to the man she was so unconsciously learning to love. Her relief was, therefore, great when she saw the elder man answering. Carlos had cast a careless glance at the bowing beauty in the opposite box, and had asked of his father, when the latter had bowed in reply:

"Who is the lady, senor?"

"Senora Anita Mendoza," answered his father easily. "She has rented my Villa del Rosa for the winter. She is a Spanish lady of noble birth, traveling incognito because of some trouble with her Government."

The three ladies in the box looked in eager interest at the one thus introduced, and, after one long and searching gaze, Senora Essilva remarked, somewhat drily:

"She's rather young and far too beautiful to be traveling around like that."

"I am sorry you think that," replied her brother, "as I intended asking you to take her under your social protection during her stay in Panama."

"Under my social protection?" cried the senora haughtily. "Ricardo, I thought you knew me better than to think that I would extend my protection to any one who travels incognito."

Cabrenoza did not press the point further, knowing well that when the time came he could force his sister to do his bidding, since he was rich and she a widow of moderate circumstances, with two marriageable daughters of expensive tastes. Much to Adriana's relief, Carlos, after the first careless glance of idle curiosity, had looked away, uninterested in the dark and magnificent beauty of the woman, since on tablets of his heart love had painted a much fairer and daintier, though less beautiful, face.

If he was not interested in the woman, another man in the farther corner of the packed auditorium, was not so indifferent. When the woman had first stepped into the box, a quiver, which was almost a chill, had passed over his frame, the next minute the muscles had become tense and rigid, and aside from the pallor of the face and the look of the eye one could have thought that like the others he was simply admiring the woman's beauty. All through the evening his eyes did not leave her face except when she had bowed to Cabrenoza. He watched the answering bow, his lips curling in a terrible smile, which seemed to freeze there, becoming fixed and changeless for the rest of the evening.

Even after the final curtain, and, though the audience arose to depart, he did not move, gazing still toward the box from which the woman had disappeared at the close of the second act. Harkless, who sat beside him, became alarmed by the man's immobility, rested his hand on his shoulder, saying:

"Well, senor, it's time to go."

The words brought Dioneza back to reality, and rising without a word, he followed Harkless out of the theater. Once without, the detective asked:

"What is your further pleasure for the night, senor?"

"Meet me tomorrow at ten," was the short reply, and Dioneza, without even a bow, turned on his heel and lost himself in the crowd.

CHAPTER V.

GUILTY LOVERS.

After Dioneza had left him, Harkless was able to locate Adriana and Mrs. Williamson in the crowd, the two women having paused in the lobby in the hope of seeing him. He hurried to them, happy of his freedom, eager to hear his daughter's impression of the evening's entertainment. As he neared them, he noticed that both women were looking with deep interest at a group of three women and two men who were leaving the theater. With a second glance he recognized the Cabrenozas and their guests. As Senora Essilva passed the waiting women, she chanced to look up and, recognizing Mrs. Williamson, bowed with a gracious smile. Carlos, who had also seen them, raised his hat in joyous surprise, and as they walked on, asked eagerly of his aunt:

"Do you know them?"

"Yes; slightly. Mr. Williamson, the lady's husband, had business dealings with your late uncle. Besides, we have met socially several times. I believe I owe her a call."

"Who is the young lady?" next asked Carlos, with assumed indifference.

"I am not sure, but I think she told me she expected a niece from New York City."

Carlos did not ask any more information that night, assured as he was that he would soon know the fair, blue-eyed girl who had haunted his dreams since the day he had first seen her in Colon.

The next day at ten, Harkless arrived at

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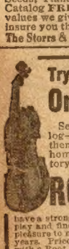

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Dioneza's rooms. He found the Spaniard as cold and as outwardly calm as usual. With scarcely a word of greeting, Dioneza said abruptly:

"Harkless, I want to know the next time Cabrenoza is to call at the villa to spend the night. That night I shall expect the maid to be absent from the house and the native couple, who live in the pavilion, to retire early and sleep soundly until morning. Understand?"

"What do you intend to do——" began Harkless, when Dioneza interrupted him with a haughty gesture and the harsh remark:

"Remember you are paid to obey, not to question."

Harkless bit his lip in anger, but the remembrance of Adriana and her future independence stopped the angry remark which came to his lips, and he simply answered:

"I will inform Smith of your wishes."

"Do so, and make all the arrangements with the native couple. Those people can surely be bought?"

"Oh, yes, any one can buy them; for that reason they are not to be trusted."

"We won't need to trust them long, all I want is their fidelity for one night."

"That can easily be secured, sir."

"They will be dead drunk before midnight."

"The maid?"

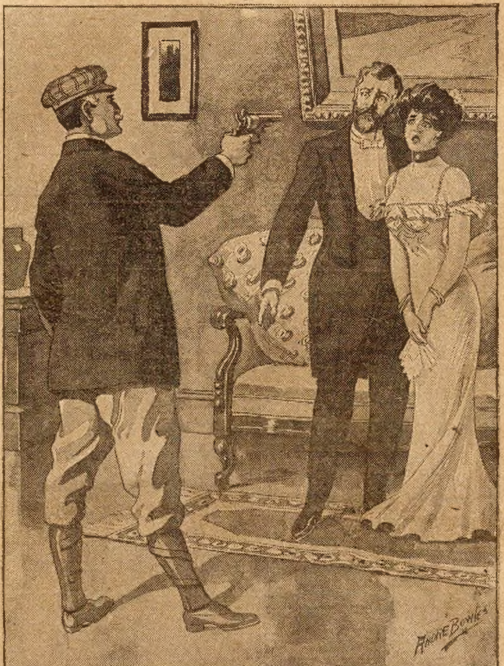
"Will be in the city in company with my man Smith."

"For what hour has Cabrenoza ordered the carriage?"

"Half-past eleven."

"That's all I care to know. You can meet me here tomorrow morning at the usual hour. I may have other instructions to give you."

Harkless, the prey to the most uneasy feeling of oppression and uncertainty, left his strange client, and, having nothing else to do, decided to take his daughter for a ride through the city, hoping that the girl's interesting chatter would aid him to chase away his haunting fears and misgivings. In this he only partly succeeded, for during the course of the ride and the evening which followed, the vision of the lonely villa and the unsuspecting victims followed him ceaselessly. To his mind there could be but one termination to the night's adventure, two deaths, maybe three, for, though Dioneza had sworn not to shed blood, he thought that the jealous, hot-tempered man could not control the impulse to wipe out his shame in blood.



"My husband!"

"Very well, attend to it and report."

Harkless immediately looked up Smith, who, since the day before, when Martin had arrived from New York, had been relieved of his watch over the beautiful Senora Anita.

"We must know beforehand when Cabrenoza is next to spend the night at the villa," announced the detective to his assistant, after the first words of greeting.

"Then we're in luck. Inez wrote me this morning saying that she would be at liberty for tonight, as the senora was to have company."

"Are you sure it's Cabrenoza?"

"Certain, for the man shadowing him informed me this morning that the senor had ordered a carriage to wait for him before the cathedral. This is what he does when he goes out to the senora's, leaving the carriage a quarter of a mile from the villa and walking the rest of the way."

"Very well. Now, can you take care of Inez and see that she does not return to the villa before morning?"

"I sure can, and with pleasure," laughed Smith.

"How about the native couple? They are supposed to sleep very soundly tonight."

"That's easier still. Give them an unlimited supply of booze and I'll wager they will sleep soundly, not only tonight but all day tomorrow."

"All right, attend to them and to Inez, and while with her pump her all you can. We may need the information later."

"I will do so."

The two men parted, and Harkless returned to Dioneza to report. The Spaniard listened in silence, then asked:

"If I remember rightly, you told me that you had a man watching the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give him a vacation for tonight."

"Then you want to be absolutely alone?"

"Yes."

"Am I not to accompany you in case you need protection?"

"No."

"Harkless hesitated a second. The harsh voice, the stern face, with the cruelly glittering eye, frightened him. Was he about to deliver defenseless and helpless to the merciless vengeance of this man, two fellow beings? Then he remembered their guilt; one had been false to her husband, the other had wrecked a man's home, dishonored his name, ruined his life. Let them suffer; if suffer they must. It was not his business [illegible] interfere.

"Very well, then," he answered, his mind made up to allow events to shape themselves according to the wishes of his client. "Is there anything else?"

"What about the native couple?"

Meanwhile, Anita was preparing for the coming of her lover. She had welcomed Inez's request to have the evening off, and had told the maid she need not hurry back as she would undress herself alone. She had always loved Cabrenoza, but it was only after the tragedy of his wife's death and her own marriage to Dioneza, that she had realized the exact depth of that love, therefore, when her life had again crossed that of her former lover, and he had pleaded that they resume the old relations, she had been powerless to resist, forgetting husband and binding vows to remember only that she loved. Strongly magnetic, she had always remained indifferent to the love she aroused in others, but in Cabrenoza she had found her master and, in yielding to him, she had given herself entirely and completely.

She, who had received the attentions of others with the haughty dignity of a queen, was now the willing servant of the one man who had subdued her. She clung to him in childish abandon, caressing his hand, calling him pet names, in one word worshiping at his feet.

As to him, the complete subjection of the beautiful woman pleased him. He had loved, after his fashion, at the time of their first liaison, then the tragic death of the wife, whom he had married for money, had interrupted their love. For five years he had knocked about, going from one easy love to another with the fickleness of his shallow nature, then had come his second meeting with Anita. She was more beautiful than ever, the five years of separation having matured her charms. He had plucked the bud, he now wanted to possess the full blown rose. She was married. It only made her the more alluring. He had no moral scruples to stand in his way, since he considered all women his rightful prey. What difference did it make to him if a woman was the possession of another, if he wanted her? The siege did not last, since in the woman herself he had a powerful ally. How could she hold the fort of her virtue when her heart was with the enemy. She left her husband, and since then had given herself up entirely to her guilty love.

Tonight as she sat waiting for Cabrenoza, an oppressive thought of her wronged husband haunted her. She felt sorry for him, in a vague sort of a way, for all great loves are selfish, and she was too happy herself to wish to allow that happiness to long be marred by the remembrance of another's despair. She took up a book and tried to read, but the thought would come again and again, clamoring for attention. At last she threw down the book impatiently, and rising, went to the window, looking out into the starlit night. Then, suddenly, as she looked, a strange uncanny feeling

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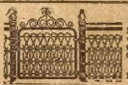

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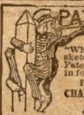

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came over her. It seemed that from the shadow of a nearby clump of shrubbery some one was looking at her. For a minute she remained there in breathless expectancy, then, seized by a nameless terror, she lowered the blind hastily and backed from the window, realizing, with a sinking sense of fear, that she was alone in the house, and that the pavilion was over a hundred feet away.

Being of a naturally fearless nature, she soon overcame her fright, and laughing at her fears said half aloud, anxious to hear the sound of a human voice in the silence of the room:

"How nervous and fanciful I am tonight!" then forcing herself to resume her seat, she took up her interrupted reading.

Still, though her fear had subsided the color failed to return to her cheeks, and, though making a brave attempt to find interest in her reading, she was ever on the alert, listening unconsciously for any unusual sound. At last a well known footfall resounded in the garden without, and with an exclamation of relief and joy, she hurried to open the door, the next minute finding herself clasped in Cabrenoza's arms. After the first embrace, they locked the door and together returned to the little sittingroom.

When Cabrenoza saw her face in the light, he exclaimed anxiously:

"What's the matter, amica? You are pale and your hands are cold!"

She twined her arms about his neck, laughing as she threw back her head with a coquettish movement, which displayed the rounded perfection of her bare throat, then answered:

"I had a fright a few moments ago and haven't recovered fully yet."

Kissing her, he drew her to the divan and pulled her down to a seat by his side, her head on his shoulder, his arm about her waist, asking playfully:

"And what was that dreadful fright about?"

She told him of her experience at the window, which he, manlike, attributed to nerves, assuring her that now that he was here she need not fear any more, as he was fully able to protect her, then he added, drawing her nearer to him:

"Do you know that I was very proud of you last night?"

"Were you?" she asked nestling closer.

"Yes, and I was still more so today when I heard that you were the talk of the town. Your beauty has been the sole subject of conversation in Panama today, and I have been harassed to death with questions about you and demands for introductions."

She laughed in childish pleasure, then, with a sudden impulse she threw her arms about his neck, saying with a kiss;

"What is that to me, Ricardo, since you are the only one for whom I wish to be fair?"

He clasped her to him passionately, his lips crushing hers, but the next minute they had sprung apart as a hard, sneering laugh had broken on the silence of the room. Looking up, they both gave a cry of terror, as there in the open doorway they saw a tall man, who stood covering them with a gun, the cruel flash of [illegible] being far more menacing [illegible] of the leveled gun.

CHAPTER VII
THE AVENGER.

"My husband!" finally broke from the woman, as she huddled farther from her companion, who, at her cry had become livid with increasing terror. A burglar can always be pacified with gold, an outraged husband generally wants blood. He felt his last hour had come and his cowardly spirit wavered. It was fine sport, the taking of a man's wife, it was not as pleasant to afterward meet the husband.

The frenzied terror of the two caused Dioneza to laugh once more, the same terrifying laughter, then, advancing into the room, he closed the door behind him, facing once more the guilty pair, contemplating them for a second in contemptuous silence, after which he said, in mocking tones:

"Is this all the greeting I am to have, after coming so far?"

Neither answered him, each expecting every minute that a leaden bullet would sever the slender thread of life, wondering amid the horror of the moment who would be the first victim. Dioneza watched them with the enjoyment of the playful cat toying with the half dead mouse, then he spoke again, this time in tones of stern command:

"Kiss her again as you were doing when I came in. It was such a pretty sight that I want to behold it again!"

The lovers looked at each other in wild-eyed terror, then back again at the terribly grinning face, but neither moved, the command seemed so unnatural and mad. Dioneza advanced still closer, the others, too terrified to move, watched him in breathless suspense. Almost resting the cold muzzle of the gun against the throbbing temple of the man, he ordered anew:

"Kiss her, I say!"

Cabrenoza looked up, there was death in the half mad eyes glaring at him, and all at once, with vanishing hope, love of life returned stronger than ever to his craven heart. He must obey or die at once, and to his numbed brain came the thought that help might come if he could only pacify the mad man for a while longer. He decided on obedience and advanced his lips toward Anita's, but she recoiled—that caress given before her husband seemed impossible. Cabrenoza hesitated, looking up piteously at the relentless face above him.

"Shall I fire, or will you obey?" asked Dioneza calmly.

"Don't fire!" cried the man, "I obey!" and, pushed by terror, he seized the struggling woman and drew her toward him, then he paused, hesitating. The cold steel of the revolver, again touching his temple, pushed him on and his lips met the cold, unresponsive ones of the half fainting woman. Dioneza watched them greedily, knowing well that neither enjoyed the usual thrill of the caress; death was too near for love to please, then his tense muscles relaxed and he threw himself down on a nearby chair, the revolver still in his hand, saying in the same hard voice:

"Now let us talk."

Cabrenoza and Anita sat up wondering, more frightened, perhaps, by his sudden calm than by the insane command of an instant before. He watched them in silence for a few minutes, then continued addressing Cabrenoza:

"What are your plans for the future, Senor Cabrenoza?"

"The future? What do you mean?" stammered the man.

"Just what I say. What are your plans in regard to this woman's future and yours?"

"I—I don't know! I haven't any plans!"

"I thought as much. Your intention was to keep her as long as she pleased you, then to throw her over for some one else. That is generally the way it is done."

Anita straightened herself under the lash of the sneering remark which classed her with the women of the streets, and her eyes, leaving her husband's face for the first time, turned toward her lover with a look of anguish, as she questioned hoarsely:

"You wouldn't have done that, Ricardo?"

In an instant her terror of her husband and her fate at his hands, had vanished before the more powerful fear of a possible abandon by the man she loved. Dioneza did not give Cabrenoza time to reply, for he answered his wife's question with the assurance:

"Have no fear, madam, I shall see that he does not abandon you."

It was Ricardo's turn to be frightened, for he asked, alarmed and wondering:

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that before the end of next month you shall have made her your wife."

"My wife?"

"His wife!"

The two cries came together as astonishment brought the two listeners to their feet.

"Yes, your wife, made such openly before the elite of Panama's society, with the usual pomp and ceremony which the event of the marriage of a prominent man invariably brings forth.

"But she is married to you!" stammered Cabrenoza, dropping back to his seat. Anita, still standing, was looking at her husband with fascinated gaze in which fear and wonder were mingled. The man in whose power they were was mad, hopelessly so. Dioneza answered not in the least ruffled by the excitement of his listeners:

"I shall have my divorce within two weeks."

Anita dropped back on the divan. The way the news was announced showed her that Dioneza had some dark and awful vengeance in store, and she was far more afraid of a living torture than a speedy death.

"And you want me to marry her?" the words came with difficulty from Cabrenoza.

"Yes. Why not, legalize your infamy since you have the chance? Why be the lover when you could be the husband?"

"Why should I want to be her husband?" cried Cabrenoza before he thought of the possible effect of his words.

Anita turned upon him, a sudden suspicion in her heart. Could it be true that the man for whom she had abandoned everything did not love her enough to give her his name. Dioneza saw the look and the quiver of pain and smiled sinisterly, then continued:

"Why should you refuse, since you loved her enough to take her from me?"

Cabrenoza hesitated. He could not tell then the truth, that he was too proud of his name to give it to a fallen [illegible]tress of the past, his paramour of the present. If she had been faithless to her husband because of him, could she not at some future time be faithless to him because of some other man? In the flash of a second he realized just what injury he had caused the man before him—disgrace to his name, of which he was no doubt as proud as he, Cabrenoza, was of his. Finally he stammered:

"I must think of my son, I can not remarry because of him."

"I don't see why," coldly answered Dioneza.

Suddenly Cabrenoza rebelled against the sway of terror the other had exercised over him since his entry, and straightening himself proudly, answered resolutely:

"Whether you see the reason or not, I refuse to obey your wishes in this matter, be the consequence what it may!"

"Ricardo!" the name broke from the woman with a cry of sudden rage and despair. She rose to her feet, took two steps forward, livid, breathless. The truth had flashed upon her like a bolt of lightning rending a darkened sky, and she was blinded by the glare, at the same time her heart

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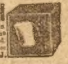

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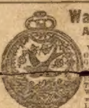

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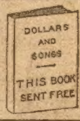

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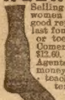

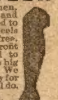

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YOUR HEART
Does it **Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats?** Have you **Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain** in left side, **Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart?** If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets** which have made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves.** Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you.

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was torn with an agony almost greater than she could bear. She had been fooled, duped! He did not love her, all he had wanted was to satisfy his passion. She was fit to be the toy of his idle moments, but not the companion of his life! Before, while his wife was living, he had pointed out the impossibility of marriage; later, her own marriage to Dioneza had stood between them and a legal union, but now that she would soon be free, now that her former husband was himself proposing the righting of the wrong, he refused, showing that he had never wanted her for a wife!

A sneering laugh from Dioneza brought her to herself, and she fell back to the couch completely crushed and subdued, addressing as she did so one look of terror at the hard, stern face of her judge, that look telling the man that his vengeance had already begun.

"Have no fear, madam," he announced after a pause, "I shall see to it that he makes you his wife."

"I don't want to be!" she cried with sudden pride, "I don't want him to give me through fear what he should have been glad to offer of his own accord!"

But Dioneza did not heed the outburst, for, rising, he announced:

"It is not for either of you to say what you shall or shall not do. I alone have the right to command. You have injured me to such a point that I could kill you both, and human justice would pardon me; if I prefer to give you to each other legally and completely that is my affair," and address[illegible] he finished calmly: "Today is the [illegible]-seventh, on the twenty-seventh of next month I shall expect her to be your wife. Until then, farewell."

He backed to the door, still smiling, still terrible, and he had left the room and the house before either of the victims of his strange vengeance had recovered sufficiently to move or utter a word. Returning to his hotel, he went to bed and slept, sure as he was that he had left behind at the Villa del Rosa one aching, breaking heart and one uneasy, anxious brain—a woman in despair, a man in troubled fear.

This story develops a strange series of thrilling situations, and will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

"Thoup for Thupper."

He is an East End dweller, whose chief joy is surprising his wife. He had been having trouble with his teeth and decided, a day or two ago, to have them extracted and operate thereafter on an artificial basis. He didn't want his wife to know that he was having a holiday with the dentist, and waited until all of his teeth were out before he called her by telephone. He didn't know just how to break his toothless news to her, but finally, after much thought, decided to say:

"We'll have to have some soup for supper."

Except he didn't say it that way. Not at all. It was like this:

"We'll haf to haf thoup for thupper."

"What's that? I don't understand you," the wife said anxiously.

"We'll haf to haf thoup for thupper."

"I don't get what you say."

"Thoup! Thoup! We'll haf to haf thoup for thupper!"

"I don't get what you are driving at. Don't chew your words so."

The word "chew" threw him into a bad humor. He thought she knew what had happened and was "kidding," as he put it. He slammed the receiver on the hook and headed for home. There, with full emphasis, he made her understand that, toothless as he was, he would "haf to haf thoup for thupper."

Misdirected Energy.

Jones was just putting on his overcoat when he casually remarked to Mrs. Jones that he would be working over time that night.

"Don't wait up for me, dear," he remarked: "I may be rather later than usual. But there, it cannot be helped."

At breakfast next morning he was stonily silent, and the stillness of the room was not even broken by the tick-tick of the clock on the mantelpiece.

"Mary, dear," remarked Jones presently, "there is something wrong with the clock. I wound it up last night, too."

"O, no, you didn't!" said Mrs. Jones icily. "What you did wind up was Teddy's musical box, and when you came to bed at 3 o'clock this morning it was playing 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

If you have occasion to pick your company, use a magnifying glass.

PASTOR RUSSELL'S SERMON

The Famous Minister of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Speaks to the People Through the Ledger Each Week.

WORKING HARD FOR HIGH REWARDS IN THE KINGDOM.

PASTOR RUSSELL

There is a practical side to the Gospel, said Pastor Russell, discussing his text, "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward" (Heb. 10:35). Everything enjoined upon the followers of Christ and all their trying experiences in life are wisely intended to work out for them character development of good, firm, fine texture. The mistake is common that it is God's will for Christians to give a nominal assent to the declaration that Christ died as the Redeemer of men, and to turn from outward forms of sin and then, content with their progress, help others to the same low standards; and to call this "saving souls."

On the contrary, according to the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles, such belief and turning from outward sin is merely the first step toward Christianity and not at all a step in Christianity. The Scriptural definition of a Christian should not be overlooked by those who would "make their calling and election sure." Those who have believed on Jesus and who have turned their backs upon sin are drawn, called, invited to become his followers, "to walk in his steps," to take up their cross and follow him, to drink of his cup, to be baptized into his death.

The difficulty is that the name Christian has become a popular synonym for intelligence. As everybody likes to be thought intelligent and refined, gentlemen and gentlewomen, so all like to be called Christians. Few have the courage to declare that they have no real knowledge of the Great Teacher, that they rarely think of him and have never so much as considered the matter of becoming his disciples—followers in his footsteps.

Pastor Russell declared that many reprobate the thought that Christians should be stimulated to faithfulness by promises of reward, claiming that virtue is its own reward. But this is theory, and those who follow it rarely have too much of the virtue. Instead of seeking human wisdom on this subject, we should seek the Divine Wisdom. God's promises in the Bible continually hold before the Christian glorious hopes of grand rewards for faithfulness. Not to be wiser [illegible] Teacher, [illegible] Russell must do the same. His text, for example, encourages God's consecrated, saintly few to persevere in the narrow way and to allow their faith to be strong and confident, assured that in the end they shall have great reward. The context bears this out also. St. Paul had been discussing the lukewarmness of some who in former days had endured a great fight of afflictions for the sake of the Gospel of Christ.

Some of these had been actively in the fight and suffered great losses from the earthly standpoint, while others had shared with them loyally in that they had remained true to the defamed and dishonored ones, supporting them, acknowledging them, assisting them. All such faithfulness on the part of those who are fully consecrated, who become New Creatures in Christ and receive the illumination of the Holy Spirit, is not only praiseworthy, but sure to have a reward. The Apostle declared that "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love." St. Paul would revive the flagging courage and kindle afresh the sacred flame of zeal and devotion to the Cause of the Master; hence he exhorts his hearers to forget not the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is, but so much the more as they see the day (of Christ's Kingdom) drawing nigh. The reward is sure to be great.

St. Peter also reminded the brethren of the glorious hopes before them, as incentives to faithfulness, saying, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding, great and precious promises, that by these we might become partakers of the divine nature"—by the assistance they render us in the sacrifice of earthly interests and by their sustaining power as we walk in the footsteps of Jesus self-sacrificingly through the valley of the shadow of death—the pathway of the present life (2 Pet. 1:4).

Rewards may be heavenly or earthly; and the desire for them may be selfish or unselfish. Of the world's Redeemer we read, "He for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now (in consequence) set down at the right hand" of the Majesty on high, henceforth anticipating the time when all the opposition of sin and Satan shall be vanquished (Heb. 12:2). Although the Master's motive leading him to sacrifice was a benevolent one, nevertheless in the work set before him, the rewards undoubtedly exercised a potent influence, assisting him to faithfulness in doing the will of the Heavenly Father. The promises made to him were various:

(1) He would be the Captain of Salvation to many sons of God who, under his leadership, would attain joint-heirship with himself and, under him, in the glorious Messianic Kingdom promised.—Heb. 2:10.

(2) He was promised the heathen, the Gentiles, the peoples of the earth, for an inheritance and all the earth for a possession—a possession which it would be his privilege to give to so many of Adam's race as would, under his beneficent Kingdom, be accounted worthy of life eternal under the terms of the Divine Law.—Psa. 2:8.

(3) And part of his pleasure undoubtedly was the outworking of the Plans of Jehovah—Plans which glorify the Father's Wisdom, Justice, Love and Power; and which in turn would reflect its glory upon Jesus and all associated with him.

(4) Additionally, was the Divine Promise of his own high exaltation to the very highest place in the Universe, next to Jehovah—possessed of glory, honor, immortality, the divine nature.

These joys set before our Master enabled him to faithfully and cheerfully endure the cross, the ignominy, the shame. These things being true, it cannot be doubted that the promised rewards of the Church are designed by the same great Author of Salvation to stimulate, encourage and assist all who would walk in the footsteps of Jesus as his followers.

We do not forget the modesty of the Redeemer—how that, while faithfully doing the Father's will and remembering the promises of his exaltation as a reward, he humbly prayed merely that he might have again the same degree of honor and glory and fellowship with his Father which he had enjoyed before he undertook his work of obedience in accomplishing man's salvation from sin and death. He prayed, "Father, glorify thou me with the glory that I had with thee before the world was." But his humility did not hinder the Father from fulfilling all of his glorious promises respecting him; and he answered the prayer to this effect, saying, "I have glorified thee (in the glory before the world was) and I will glorify thee again (more)."

Next week's Ledger will contain another interesting sermon from the famous Brooklyn divine.

Neighborly Neighborhood.

Mr. Goodheart (a suburban resident)—Good morning! What can I do for you this bright and beautiful morning?

First Neighbor—I noticed you hadn't begun making garden yet, and I thought I'd just step over and borrow your spade.

Mr. Goodheart—Certainly—certainly. Here it is. Good day.

Second Neighbor—How do, Mr. Goodheart? Will you let me have your hoe for a few minutes?

Mr. Goodheart—Y-e-s. Certainly.

Third Neighbor—Good morning. I see Mr. Springs has your spade and Mr. Pinks just passed me with your hoe, and, as you can't do anything with a rake without a spade and hoe to break the ground, I concluded I might just as well drop in and borrow your rake. Thanks.

Fourth Neighbor—I see you are not making any use of your wheelbarrow, and—

Mr. Goodheart—I will need the wheelbarrow the moment I begin making garden.

Neighbor—O, yes, of course. But you can't make garden without a spade, and hoe, and rake, you know, and I'll rush back with the wheelbarrow quick as I see the spade coming back. Thanks.

Mr. Goodheart—Now don't forget that I shall need this wheelbarrow just as soon as Mr. Spinks comes back with my spade.

Fourth Neighbor—O, I'll have plenty of time to get through with the barrow. Spinks told me he'd be busy with your spade for a month.

Evolution of Playing Cards.

The invention of playing cards has been variously attributed to the Chinese, Hindoos, Arabians and Romans, but cards as now used were invented by Jacques Gringonneur, a painter, in Paris, in the 14th century. They were supposed to have been first made for the amusement of Charles VI. of France, who was deranged. The French had particular names for the twelve court cards. The four kings were David, Alexander, Caesar and Charles; the four queens, Argine, Esther, Judith and Pallas; the four knaves or knights, Ogier the Dane, Lancelot, La Hire and Hector de Garland.

Cards seem originally to have been brought to England from Spain, probably having been introduced into that country by the Moors. The clubs, in Spanish, were not trefoils, as with us, but cudgels, i. e., "bastos," and the spades or swords, "espadas." Cards at first were stamped from wood blocks in outline and filled in by hand, but after the invention of engraving the best artists engraved them on copper and struck them off at once. "Columbines" were spades, "rabbits," clubs; "pinks," diamonds, and "roses," hearts. Human fingers, opposed to those of flowers and animals, were the ancestors of court cards.

Chinese Trade in Hair.

The export of human hair from Swatow, China, was nearly doubled in value last year, amounting to $140,000. This sudden development of business, says the British consul at Swatow in a consular report, has provoked some inquiring comment among the Chinese, who, whatever they may think, have not been slow to take advantage of it. All classes of natives, more especially in the Kiayingchow regions—gentry, students, tradesmen and working people—have, it is said, invested in the business, even to the extent of borrowing money for the purpose at 4 to 5 per cent per month, while the poorer classes have found a new and paying occupation in collecting combings and preparing them for the market.

The business, however, adds the consul, is being considerably overdone, and it is reported that there are several tens of thousands of pounds lying at Hongkong "godowns," the importers in Europe, where the article has been exported to meet new fashions' requirements for women's "transformations," switches, bandeaux, hair nets and foundations as well as for theatrical wigs, having telegraphed to stop all further shipments.

The New Reading.

The New Mother—You know, hygienic science has demonstrated that many of the old ideas about children are absolutely pernicious to the race.

The Old Mother—Yes, I understand the new philosophy says the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that wrecks the world.

The Forgotten Signal;

Or, How Logan Thayer Won

By Alvah Milton Kerr

WHEN a human life comes unquenched from the meeting of such forces as are involved in the hurling together of railway engines and the crush of colliding cars, the fact takes the color of a miracle. Logan Thayer had come to the general superintendent's office from such a peril; indeed, his position as day operator in the "old man's" office was due to the rare presence of mind which had been his when "things were going to pieces" in the Little Turtle wreck.

That sad affair would make a story in itself, but it is not this story, hence I will only say that it chanced that young Logan, on his way from Moxley, where he had been night operator, to take charge of the day office at Hurley, happened to be on a mail train that collided, head-on, with a freight. It also chanced that the mail train was closely followed by a wild stock train, which promised further ruin and destruction of life should it be permitted to rush into the wreck of the mail and freight. That this double disaster did not occur was due to young Logan's promptness in pulling himself out of the pile of splintered cars, which thrilled through all their jagged length with human cries, and rushing back along the track with a red lantern to meet the oncoming stock. He had the good luck to meet the wild on the first curve, and throwing the lighted lantern into the cab window as he might have thrown a rock brought the stock train to a standstill ere it plowed its way into the wreck of the mail and freight.

This exploit fell near Little Turtle River, on the middle Iowa division of one of the great transcontinental lines, and the fact that Logan's action had saved human lives brought him not to Hurley but to the repeating office in the general superintendent's quarters at Drayton, one of the largest towns in the State. This was a meeting place of tracks and wires. The town lay on the west bank of the Mississippi and a track and wires went northward to St. Paul in Minnesota, another branch and wires stretched southward to Kansas City, while the main track, beginning at Chicago, passed through Drayton and had its western terminal in far away Denver. To and fro on the rails of this mighty cross of steel the roaring shuttles of commerce play unceasingly. Logan found the work at Drayton pitiless in its severity, for the railway telegraph business from the four quarters of the great system had to be transferred across his table. He sat in a revolving chair at a semi-circular table upon which chattered eight sets of telegraph instruments. Not ten feet away, visible through an open door, was the general superintendent's desk. Strong and cold and commanding as was the "old man," he and the young fellow were friends, mainly, perhaps, because both were men of pluck, the elder man having won his way from a very lowly position in the company's service to its managership, while thus far Logan had climbed the ladder of preferment through the medium of sheer ability and nerve.

The operator's chair in which Logan spent his days was called by the brass pounding fraternity the "man killer chair," for the reason that no operator had been able to remain in it more than a few months without being worn out. Logan at the end of a year felt his good temper and strength waning, but stuck pluckily to the task, while the sounders and armatures pounded away with the same inexorable persistence month in and month out.

While those months were in progress, Tommy Chambers, a new night operator, was put in charge at Drayton. Four things distinguished Tommy: He was pretty, he was not yet of age, he had a 16-year-old wife, and he was nephew of an influential director of the road. Tommy had ambitions, and these aspirations seemed justified if "pull" were considered. Now, there are certain steps by which men must go in ascending to the official plane in railroad service, the winding stair from the telegraph department usually leading from a night office to a day position, then to the dispatcher's office, then chief dispatcher, train master, and finally superintendent.

Being at the foot of the upmounting stair, Tommy coveted the next step, which unfortunately was occupied by Logan Thayer. In pursuance of his ambition Tommy became uneasy with an itching to dispossess Logan of the day position, but the means he employed were hardly honorable, and it all ended quite differently from what he anticipated. Logan was conscious of a certain intuitive feeling that Tommy was his secret enemy, and naturally contemplated the matter with some apprehension. Logan began to be aware of a sort of chill in the treatment extended him by the officials about headquarters. He thought perhaps he was morbid and suspicious, being nervous and broken from overwork, for no tangible clew to the trouble appeared upon the surface, but he felt that "Old Baxter," the general superintendent, was a just man and would not remove him without cause.

Then there was Millie Baxter, the "old man's" daughter, who was in every way sunny and sweet, and who came more often than seemed necessary to see her father, always somehow leaving the light of her smiling eyes in Logan's heart when she had tripped out of the office. When he thought of her and the disgrace of being degraded to a humbler position the matter smote him.

Late in the autumn, however, matters assumed such a forbidding aspect that Logan began to think of resigning in order to make way for the director's nephew. In his heart he began to resent the seeming lack of appreciation which he felt his faithfulness merited, and out of pique came near committing the folly of retreating without demanding justice. However, Tommy himself cleared away the clouds.

At that time No. 1, the Pacific Express, passed Drayton at a few minutes before 7 o'clock in the morning, going west. It was a big and fast train made up almost entirely of Pullman sleepers. Opposed to it was passenger train No. 6, going east. By time card these trains met at Drayton, but almost every morning No. 1 had to be held for a few minutes in order to let No. 6 get in. The night operator, since Logan did not come on duty until 7 [illegible] received this order.

One morning as Logan crossed the platform to climb the stairs he noticed that No. 1 had gone. As he entered the office door Tommy brushed by him and started to the hotel where he and his young wife boarded. Seating himself at the operating desk, Logan opened the order book to ascertain where Nos. 1 and 6 were to meet. Written in the book was an order to the Drayton operator to hold No. 1 for orders. He ran over to the window and looked out. The signal had not yet been dropped! No. 1 had gone! Logan's blood leaped with sudden horror and he rushed back to the keys. As he threw open a circuit breaker to call the dispatcher that official began to call him. He answered and the dispatcher began an order to the conductor and engineer of No. 1 to meet No. 6 at Drayton. Logan dashed the key open and said:

"No. 1 has gone!"

"My God!" was all Logan heard him say, for at that instant he heard the rumble of an engine's wheels. He turned the "man killer" chair over as he leaped out of it and jumped to the window. An engine was approaching the station from the east. It was returning to the yards having backed a string of empties across the Mississippi. With every drop of his blood crying for help he rushed out of the doorway, along the hall, and plunged down the stairway to the platform. Perhaps at that moment the two trains were crashing together and hundreds of human lives were being dashed out! A frenzy of horror and terror was upon him. The engine was passing the platform as he came lunging out of the doorway. He ran directly at the engine shouting, "Go after One! Go after One!" but the noise was so great he feared they could not hear him. He turned obliquely and plunged at the hand rods, hoping to board the engine, but fell with drivers whirling in his eyes. As his face struck the platform he was still shouting, "Go after One! Go after One!" At least in his brain the words were being cried, for he could not hear for the shock of his head against the boards and a terrible agony that shot to his heart.

When he got to his feet the engine was flying westward regardless of every object. Two tracks stretched westward for three miles side by side, merging in a single track through a switch where the rails began to ascend from the valley. A one-legged switchman lived in a tiny house at the end of the double track, his business being to let the trains out or throw them in on the right or left track. If No. 1 reached the switch she would go on to the single track at a high rate of speed in order to make the grade, then she would meet No. 6 coming down the grade and there would be indescribable havoc. Could the lone engine catch No. 1 before she reached the switch? For a mile or so the tracks ran through the town, but Jim Lane, the right man, was at the rescuing engine's throttle. He had held her wide open and went through everything. Logan saw pedestrians leaping to right and left at the crossings and the rear end of a coal wagon dashed into the air, then Lane's engine disappeared with whistle screaming.

Logan ran up the stairway and into the office. The general superintendent was sitting down to his desk. He glanced up and with three strides was at Logan's side.

"What's the matter?" he almost shouted, catching him by the shoulder.

"No. 1 has gone—has gone without her orders! I've sent an engine after her!" Logan gasped.

"Old" Baxter's face blanched. "How did she get away? Who blundered?" he demanded, his big eyes gleaming.

Logan dropped into the chair before the instruments. Blood was dripping from his chin, his head was reeling. The dispatcher was calling like mad, using his "19" every moment. Logan got his right hand on the circuit breaker, but could not open it. [illegible] was [illegible] a coupl[illegible]. His hand [illegible] acted so [illegible] could it mean?

"Heav[illegible] boy, what are you doing?" Baxter exclaimed. "Your wrist is broken! See the bones sticking through the flesh!"

He stepped to the door and yelled down the hall for somebody. Logan leaned back and stared at his wrist.

"Why, how strange! I didn't know that! It doesn't hurt!" he said. "I pretty near fell under the engine. I suppose one of the driving rods struck me!"

At that time a pair of feet came flying along the hall and Tommy, the night operator, rushed into the room. Logan will never forget his face. It was the whitest human countenance he had ever seen.

"Number 1! Number 6!" he cried. "Oh, my God, they will come together! They will meet! I shall be a murderer! Millie and my wife are on No. 6 coming from Des Moines! I got a message from them last night! The line repairer came in here this morning just as I took the train order. He told me a funny story and I forgot the signal! Oh, they will meet! They will meet! I shall be a murderer!"

He could not stand still, but turned here and there, round and round the room.

"Ask the dispatcher if he ordered No. 6 in here for 1," commanded the superintendent. His face looked like ashes. He turned toward Tommy as if he would tear him to shreds.

Logan opened the key with his left hand and slowly spelled out the question.

"Yes," the dispatcher answered.

The superintendent strode down the hall giving orders to a number of employes who had collected. "Telephone the chief surgeon! There's going to be people killed! Get a wrecking train ready! Order an engine from the house immediately. I want to use it!"

They scattered in all directions and preparations for the awful disaster began, but when another terrible ten minutes had passed, the engine Logan had sent came backing down the track, and after it came the Pacific Express. A moment later No. 6 came rolling in on the other track, and all was safe.

That which took place at the end of the double track was this: No. 1 was approaching the single track, gathering speed for the grade, when a passenger smoking a cigar on the rear platform of the rear Pullman saw the rescuing engine following and heard the incessant and terrible screaming of the whistle. Providentially he was a man of action, and he stepped inside the car and pulled the bell cord. The train stopped just before she reached the switch. One minute later No. 6 came thundering down the grade, and the switchman threw her in on the other track. But for the bold run of the man Logan sent in pursuit, the two trains would have collided a half mile beyond the switch.

When No. 6 rolled into the station, fresh from her great peril, Millie and Tommy's wife jumped to the platform and flew up the stairs to the offices.

"Who was it saved the trains, papa?" cried Millie.

For answer the old railroader pointed toward Logan, who, with his left hand, was trying to take an order for No. 1 to proceed. Millie hid her face in her father's bosom for a moment, then turned toward Logan. She was an American girl, the daughter of a railroad manager, and was not afraid to be natural. Her eyes were aglow with pity and gratitude and pride for the performance of this American youth.

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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Prescription Known for Results Rather Than Large Quantity.

Go to your druggist and get "Two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Mix these with half a pint of good whiskey. Shake well. Take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time. Smaller doses to children according to age." Any one can prepare this at home. This is said to be the quickest cough and cold cure known to the medical profession. Be sure to get only the genuine (Globe) Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes in a tin screw-top sealed case. If the druggist is out of stock he will quickly get it from the wholesale house. Don't fool with uncertain mixtures. It is risky.

Heroic Rescue.

Three-year-old Montague and 2-year-old Harold were having a bath together in the big tub.

Mother left a moment while she went into the next room. Suddenly a series of agonized shrieks recalled her. Two dripping, terror-stricken little figures stood clasped in each other's arms in the middle of the bathroom floor.

"Oh mother," gasped Montague. "I got him out! I saved him! The stopper came out and we were going down!"

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Mean Thing.

Maud—Jack declared that I have a perfect rosebud of a mouth.

Her Brother—That's very pretty; but rosebuds are generally closed.

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SEND TODAY FOR OUR MONEY-SAVING PLAN AND FREE CATALOGUE

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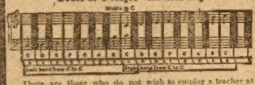
Free Music Instruction by our New Diagram System

Scale of C Major (Natural Key)



There are those who do not wish to employ a teacher at present. Others only want to learn to play for singing and for their own amusement and do not expect to make expert players of themselves. To such we recommend and send free with each Kimball Organ our New Diagram System of Self-Instruction in Music, with which anyone, young or old, gifted or not gifted, can in a few hours' time learn to play every chord and accompaniment for singing and to accompany any other instrument, and can with very little practice learn to play pieces nicely. You need this book of 80 pages, 100 free music lessons.

With the organ also comes free a beautiful stool to match your organ case. You can have your splendidly built, rich-toned Kimball, the music instructions and the stool—the whole outfit—at once. The little you pay each month will not be missed. Cut out the coupon and send it to us now—before you lay this paper away.

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Please send me Free, postage paid, your 1911 Catalogue, showing the forty different styles of organs, your Money-Saving Plan, and circulars of your Free Musical Instructions.

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P. O. .... County .... State .... R.F.D. ....

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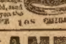

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I want to send every live poultry raiser my BIG FREE CHICKEN BOOK. Contains more real chicken information than a whole library full of most poultry books. Tells how to limit your feed expense and still get more and better eggs and chicks. Eggs hatch better chickens, more chicks live, sell for more money. 80 pages, all interesting. Send for it today. It is Free. Henry Steinmesch, Pres., 2'3 Steinmesch Bldg. St. Louis

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Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Hurry up 100 more—sold first lot in 2 days—best seller I ever saw." Hundreds of agents coining money—$5.60 worth of tools for the price of one. Drop forged from finest steel. Nickel Plated all over. Astonishing low price to agents—1,200 ordered by one man. Write at once. Don't delay. Experience unnecessary. Sample free.
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AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O. Box A

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract
IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kansas

LARGE Chicago house wants representative in your locality. Build up your own business; capital required, $1; ordinary ability and willingness to work.
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CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4151, 1027 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS
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SALESMEN $20 CASH weekly and more, easily earned selling our guaranteed quality stock. Handsome outfit free. Charlton Nursery Co., Rochester, N.Y. Established 1865

AGENTS: Seven cents profit each 10c sale. Best little article ever offered. Sample for three cents in stamps. Rawlings, Box 945, St. Louis, Mo.

$1.00 Makes $15.00. Agents make big profits selling our great household remedy, KING OF PAIN. Send for circulars. Agents' outfit $1.00. Family size 25c. Cures all aches, pains, and inflammations. The E. G. Richards Co., Box 543A, Toledo, Ohio

SOBERettes are harmless and will sober-up an intoxicated person in less than 15 minutes. For trial send 10 cents to
E. FORTIN, No. 40 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL., R. 105. Agents Wanted.

AGENTS---FIGHTING THE TRAFFIC IN YOUNG GIRLS! Most sensational indictment of the White Slave Trade ever published; enormous demand; price $1.50; agent's profit one-half; outfit FREE; send 10c postage; complete book postpaid on receipt of price; write today. AMERICAN SUPPLY CO., 3944 INDIANA AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

10 IN ONE. Most useful small tool made. Nickeled Key Ring, Nail Cutter, Cleaner, Eraser, Pencil Sharpener, Watch Case Opener, Pipe Cleaner, Cigar Clipper, Bottle Opener, Screw Driver. Sample 10c. Agents w't'd. The R. W. Trader Co., 23 Duane St., New York

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. We [illegible] teach you free, you work in the locality [illegible] and we will explain the [illegible] guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once.
ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1046 Detroit, Mich.

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Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff, stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. PROF LONG, 914 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

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That's their average earnings from the sale of our celebrated Aluminum cooking utensils. They're light, clean, handsome, inexpensive. Sell on sight to housewives. *Big profit in every sale.* No experience needed. We'll teach you. Big chance for both men and women. Write at once for particulars and ask how to get the patent Gem Aluminum Steam Cooker Shown in picture, *free.*
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Agents wanted in every county to sell Novelty Knives, with name, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Guaranteed razor steel blades. Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. You should be independent. Let us show you how. Write quick for terms.
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. 23 Bar St., Canton, O.

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AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

Willing to Oblige.

Master (to new cook)—We want you to show what you can do tonight, Jane. We have some rather special people coming for a musical evening. Do your very best, you know.

Cook—Sure, sir, that I will. It's a long time since I did any singing, but you can put me down for a couple of comic songs, if you like.

Incomprehensible.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"This paper says that rain falls more frequently between 3 a. m. and 8 a. m. than at any other time."

"Yes, my boy."

"But, pop, the Sunday-school picnics are not held between those hours!"

The Others.

"So your old sweetheart is going to be married?"

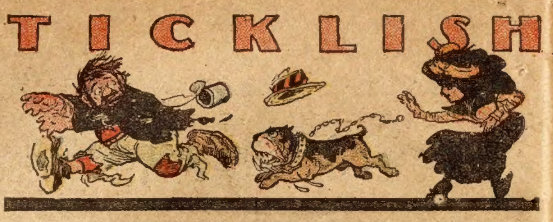
"Yes."

"Who is the happy man?"

"There's lots of 'em."

"Why, she can't marry but one!"

"That's what I mean."



Took Precautions.

"I want to hire a canoe."

"Accustomed to rowing one, I suppose?"

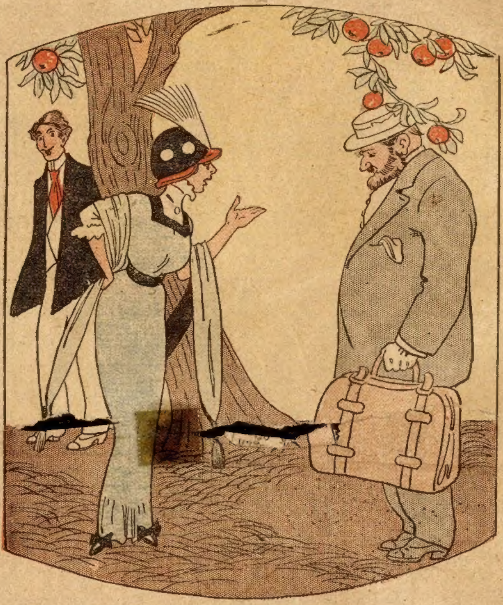
"Never was in one."

"Can you swim?"

"Not a stroke."

"Well, you pay double and in advance. I've been left in the lurch by enough suicides."

SMOKES NO MORE.



She—My husband has given up smoking altogether.
He—Indeed! That requires a pretty strong will.
She—Yes, my will is pretty strong!

Higher Education.

"What has your boy learned at school this session?"

"He has learned that he'll have to be vaccinated, that his eyes aren't really mates and that his method of breathing is entirely obsolete."

Correct.

"Here in this description of the suburban village, your spelling is wrong."

"What's the matter with it?"

"You say Mr. Makem is a 'piller' of local society."

"That's right. He's the druggist."

Just His Luck.

"I thought you were let in on the ground floor?"

"So I was, but some other chaps beat me to the elevator."

A Mean Advantage.

Henpeck—I love to take my wife autoing.

Henderson—Indeed?

Henpeck—Yes. We go so fast that she's too scared to say a word.

The Difference.

Maud—Why don't you prefer Harry to Will? Harry is capable of big deeds.

Gladys—Yes, but Will owns some.

A Lofty Ambition.

"What is your ambition?"

"Merely to make more money than my wife can spend."

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AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY Co., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

AGENTS SEND 10c. NOW For handsome sample German silver key Check with your name and address stamped thereon. Big commissions for taking orders. We also supply blank Checks and stamping outfits. HART MFG. CO Dept. P 88 Guernsey St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED Sell our Big $1.00 Bottle Sarsaparilla for 39 cents. 200 Per Cent Profit Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms. F. R. GREENE, 22 Lake St., Chicago

Handling Her With Gloves.

Mrs. A.—Do you make your cook pay for what she breaks?

Mrs. B.—Mercy, no. We'd never be able to keep her. What we do is reward her liberally at the end of every month for what she didn't break.

Where Women Vote.

The Suffragette—I hear you have declined to take the nomination offered you?

The Weak Sister—Yes, I have. You see, I haven't hats enough to make the proper kind of canvass.

OLD COMMON SENSE

Change Food When You Feel Out of Sorts.

"A great deal depends upon yourself and the kind of food you eat," the wise old doctor said to a man who came to him sick with stomach trouble and sick headache once or twice a week, and who had been taking pills and different medicines for three or four years.

He was induced to stop eating any sort of fried food or meat for breakfast, and was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, leaving off all medicines.

In a few days he began to get better, and now he has entirely recovered and writes that he is in better health than he has been before in twenty years. This man is 58 years old and says he feels "like a new man all the time."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

One View of It.

Chinaman—You telle me where railroad depot?

White—What's the matter, John; are you lost?

Chinaman—No, me here; depot lost.

Why They Get Along.

"They get along beautifully together, don't they?"

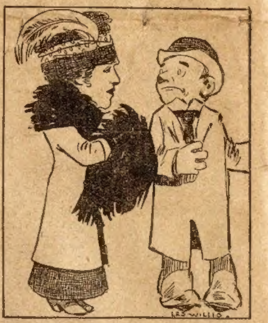
"Yes, indeed. She never makes fun of his carving and he never jests about her cooking."

Couldn't Tell a Lie.

"Are those socks all wool, young man?" queried the old gentleman.

"I—er—don't think so, sir," replied the new clerk. "They are marked 'half-hose' on the box."

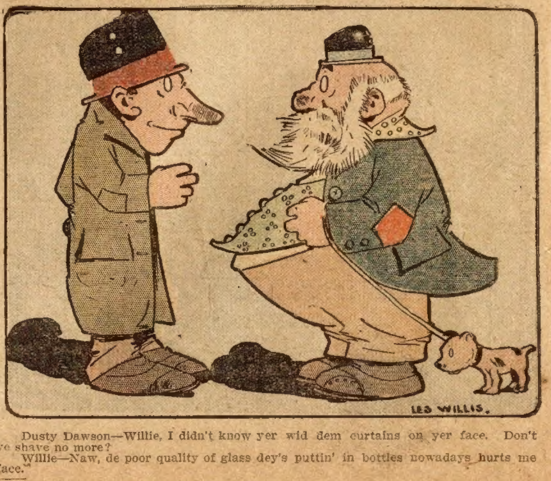
All the Same to Him.



Fair Suffragette—Are you in favor of clubs for women?

Old Bachelor—Yes, clubs, sandbags—any old thing.

PULLED TOO MUCH.



Dusty Dawson—Willie, I didn't know yer wid dem curtains on yer face. Don't ye shave no more?

Willie—Naw, de poor quality of glass dey's puttin' in bottles nowadays hurts me face."

TACKLES
ELLSWORTH YOUNG

BEATS ANY SUNRISE.

The rooster's crow does very well
  As "music" now and then,
But the thing that stands for something
  Is the cackle of the hen.
While the first may crow the sun up,
  We aren't likely to forget
That a fresh egg served for breakfast
  Beats the finest sunrise yet.

Everyday Occurrence.

Damocles saw the sword suspended by a hair.

"Shucks," he cried, "my buttons have hung that way for months."

Thus it may be inferred that he was married.

Surpassed.

"You are building a very handsome house," said the admiring friend.

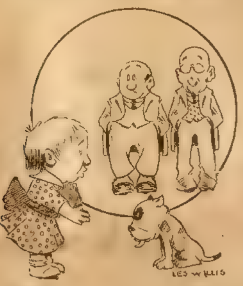
"Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "but you ought to see the one the contractor is going to build with the profits."

There's When.

Client—Can a man's character be judged from his handwriting?

Lawyer—Yes; if his letters are read in court!

Talks All the Time Now.



Henderson—My little daughter is 2 years old and can hardly talk.

Henpeck—Don't get scared. My wife was 4 years old before she could say a word, and look at her now.

A Friend Indeed.

"I thought you despised that little Tompkins boy. Why are you going to buy him a new top?"

"He took a hatchet this morning and smashed the Tompkins' phonograph."

A Medical Compromise.

"You had two doctors in consultation last night, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What did they say?"

"Well, one recommended one thing and the other recommended something else."

"A deadlock, eh?"

"No, they finally told me to mix 'em!"

Neighbors Rejoiced.

Beers—Prof. Scaler, who lives next door to you, is absent-minded, isn't he?

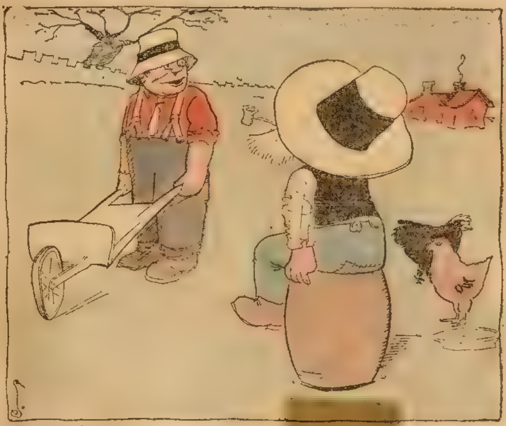
Townsend—Yes, luckily for me and the rest of his neighbors. Sometimes the man operates his piano player for hours and hours without realizing that he has inserted no music roll.

No Primrose Path.

Grouchy Visitor—Where can I get hold of the boss?

Office Boy—Got me! He's bald, got no neck to speak of, greases his boots and wears such tight trousers that you can't get a grip on him anywhere!—Puck.

WHO GOT FOOLED.



Pa Riley—I fooled that ol' leghorn, all right, by puttin' a couple o' dozen door knobs in her nest.

Lew Hines—I don't know 'bout that, paw. The old hen fooled you, too, by not hatchin' anythin' outen them.

No Chance for Provocation.

She—Only think, Mrs. Wilkins threw a flatiron at her husband's head because he accidentally sat down on her new hat! I couldn't do a thing like that!

He—No, you love me too much, don't you?

She—Yes; and besides, I haven't any new hat.

Dividing His Points.

"Do I look like you, ma?"

"Why, yes, Willie; I think there is a resemblance. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause when Mr. Pipp laid his cigar down on the porch rail I took it up an' smoked it, an' he said I had your eyes, ma, an' your nose, an' your chin, an' pa's nerve!"

How to Cure Rheumatism

Prominent Doctor's Best Prescription It Is Easily Mixed.

This is a very simple and harmless formula, but it has worked wonders for all who have tried it, quickly curing chronic and acute rheumatism and backache. "Get one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound and one ounce of Toris compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey, and put the other two ingredients into it. Take a tablespoonful of this mixture before each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle before using." Results are felt the first day. Any druggist has these ingredients on hand or will quickly get them from his wholesale house. Any one can mix them.

The Waning Honeymoon.

The young husband halted at the gate and retraced his steps.

"Did you come back for another kiss, dear?" inquired the bride.

"Well, I'll take another kiss, but what I came back for was my overshoes."

Logic.

"Earlie, why don't you comb your hair?"

"'Cause I ain't got a comb."

"Well, why don't you tell your mamma to buy you one?"

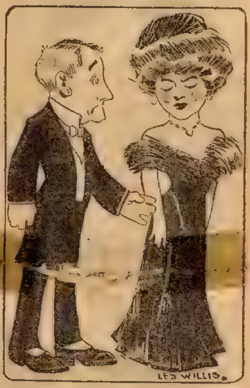
"'Cause then I'd have to comb my hair."

Tail of a Dog.

"Aw, say! We can't tie no can to dat bobtail dorg!"

"Naw-w! Dat dorg's tail puts me in mind of one of dem serial stories. Dey ain't no end to it!"

Would Repair It.



He—Can't you see my heart's breaking?
She—I'll call papa; he's a doctor.

Your Choice

of these genuine Edison Phonographs loaned

FREE

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK ON EVERY INSTRUMENT

Thomas A. Edison

Yes, Absolutely and Unconditionally FREE—I Don't Ask You for One Cent!

My Reasons For making this great free loan offer: By loaning a few of these new style **Edison Phonographs** for free concerts in different parts of the country I will soon acquaint everybody with the superiority of the latest style Edisons. Here and there someone who hears the free concerts wants to buy an Edison—especially as the finest machines may be had for the very small payments of $2.00 a month. But that is not what we ask of you. After you are through with the free concerts, just send the outfit back at **our expense.**

MR. EDISON Says: *I want to see a Phonograph in every home.*

REMEMBER—If nobody who hears the free concerts at your home **happens** to buy, there's no harm done. I am just as glad that I sent you the phonograph on the free loan and thus had your help in advertising this great entertainer

IF I could just walk into your home this evening and place my latest model phonograph on your table and play "*Old Black Joe*," with its beautiful orchestral accompaniment, then have you all join in on the second verse—your daughters', your sons' and your **own** voice blending in sweet harmony, a thrill of genuine contentment, and an almost new interest in life would take possession of you, and under the emotional influence of that greatest of God's gift to man—music, you would take me by the hand and thank me from the bottom of your heart for having come into your home and gladdened you with a practical demonstration of what this wonderful **Edison Phonograph** will really do.

But I cannot possibly visit the hundreds of thousands of homes throughout this vast country, yet I **can** loan you the machine and the records, and that is what I propose to do.

All I Ask is that you let me send you **absolutely free** your choice of any of my latest model instruments, and your choice of records, too, and call in your neighbors and have some free concerts, hear the latest songs, the newest "rag-time" music, Sousa's great band of sixty pieces, the great Grand Opera singers, funny minstrel jokes, etc., etc. **I do not ask for one cent. No deposit.** No payment of any kind. Note my reasons for making this **free loan offer,** to the left.

Fill in this Coupon At Once—NOW—

Enjoy these free concerts, and do me the favor of letting your neighbors hear this wonderful Phonograph. Write your name and address on coupon and **mail TODAY. DO IT AT ONCE**

F. K. BABSON Edison Phonograph Distributers Dept. 4151 Edison Blk., CHICAGO
WESTERN OFFICE, 65 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.
CANADIAN OFFICE 355 Portage Av., Winnipeg

F. K.
BABSON
Edison Phonograph Distributers
Dept. 4151 Edison Blk.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Without any cost to me, please send me your Great Edison Catalog free and prepaid, and full explanation of your Free Loan Phonograph Trial Offer.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the post-office at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

BY W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, [illegible] cents for six months, in advance. Remittances [illegible] made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post-[illegible] Express Money Order payable to The Chicago [illegible] [illegible]ption price in Canada $1.50 a year. We [illegible]eipts for money paid on subscriptions; the [illegible] your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

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[illegible] of the Ledger can be had [illegible] give the numbers desired [illegible] [illegible] your full add[illegible] [illegible]

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

[illegible] employs no traveling agents to so[illegible] scriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or [illegible] they have been appointed agents to sell this [illegible]. A liberal reward will be paid for evi[illegible] [illegible] us to arrest and convict such persons [illegible] from town to town in different sections [illegible] claiming to be agents of the Ledger and [illegible]ing the [illegible]

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is $1.85 per Agate Line per issue [illegible] eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This [illegible]udes insertion of the advertisement in THE [illegible] THE BLADE and LEDGER together [illegible]

875,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
THE CHICAGO LEDGER
CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Much-abused people usually deserve it.

A [illegible] amateurs usually [illegible]

A man who gets [illegible] black eye generally earns it.

The real value of a dollar is what you can get for it.

It doesn't require a skillful driver to drive [illegible] men to drink.

[illegible] man has his price and every woman has her figure.

The family ties of some [illegible]

Wisdom often consists of ke[illegible] [illegible]hat you know to yourself.

When a public official imagines he's a big gun he should be fired.

Poverty may blunt the senses, but it sharpens the appetite.

How a man does admire people who let out a laugh at his jokes!

It is difficult for a man to support a sealskin wife on a sheepskin salary.

All you have to do in order to live to a ripe old age is to keep right on living.

The man who knows just what to do usually hunts up some one to do it for him.

You never really know a woman until you see her in action near a crowded bargain counter.

Paying attention to a girl, young man, is apt to result in your having a lot of other things to pay.

Most women can keep a secret—going.
And the smaller the tub the sooner it slops over.

The average man would find it easy sailing if he could make money as easily as he can make love.

No, Alonzo, there isn't a particle of danger in going up in an airship. It is the coming down that hurts.

Our idea of an extravagant married man is one who leaves a $10 bill in his pocket when he goes to bed.

The average man can make up his mind in half the time a woman can make up her complexion, but no wonder.

The egotism of a fool man reaches the high spot when some fool woman takes poison because of love for him.

Some wives are economical, and some others can't save up enough in a year to pay hubby's cigar bill for a week.

When a girl lures a young man into the boarding-house parlor and sings "I'd leave my happy home for you," it's up to him.

Recently the defaulting cashier of a Texas bank committeed suicide, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was: "Died from exposure."

If the good die young, must we suppose the bad become oldest inhabitants and lie about their ages, the weather and sundry other things?

The world soon loses interest in a man who spends half his time in making promises and the other half in explaining why he didn't keep them.

THE AMAZING PACT;

Or, A CLEW BY WIRELESS

By WELDON J. COBB

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE DOUBLE TRAIL.

THE remarkable cablegram, bringing to Ralston Strong money at the hour of his sorest need, read like a fairy romance to his bewildered senses. He had needed money to combat the enemy he was watching, Dexter Ross. Here was a small fortune.

He could only theorize as to how this marvelous windfall had come about. The taciturn, but loyal Clive, just before he disappeared, had sent to England his proofs of the blowing up of the Shooting Star accompanied by a request that his employers send half of his ten thousand dollars fee to the man who had saved his life.

Early the next morning Strong went to the Bank of California. The money had been lying there ready for him for over a week. He had no difficulty in identifying himself. Then he removed from his poor lodging to more comfortable quarters, and prepared to map out a campaign against Dexter Ross.

The nephew of Gideon Lane had not met Strong during his recent visit to Fairview. The only time they had met face to face was when the Lane automobile had nearly run Strong down, near the old wireless tower. That careless episode, Strong reasoned, Ross would scarcely remember. Besides, when Strong had got himself in trim to play a new role, he resembled little the wireless operator or the recent chauffeur of Gideon Lane.

Strong spared no money to array himself in the very latest fashion. When he was ready to begin his operations, he well filled the role of a wealthy tourist invalid trying the California climate for his health.

For over a week Strong maintained his new identity. He had plenty of money now and money he found was the open sesame to this society which the profligate Ross affected. Strong had somewhat disguised his face. He [illegible] access to the clubs where Ross [illegible], he [illegible] quarters in the same hotel. He was introduced to Ross, and even had several casual conversations with him.

This [illegible], however, led to no apparent results. He gambled and drank, was indifferent as to his acquaintances and friends, and did nothing that indicated that he had any motive in life beyond killing time. Not a single action showed that he had any interest in anything beyond spending an elegant leisure in idleness and luxury.

Strong was fairly discouraged. He could get no point on the man that threw any light on the Middleton mystery, on his possible knowledge of the whereabouts of Ethel or Cecile. At last he made an outside experiment. He paid a skilled detective a liberal fee for following and watching Ross at places where he himself could not go.

At the end of forty-eight hours the detective reported that the only break in the even monotony of his indolent lift that he could find Ross made, was that twice a week he summoned an automobile to the street behind the hotel and left the building by a side entrance.

He stated further that invariably the machine took Ross to a certain street, where he disappeared in a mysterious building for an hour or two. That night Strong repaired to the locality indicated, and the next, with no results.

The third night a dark lowering evening, he had better luck. Lingering in a sheltered doorway, Strong saw an automobile drive up to the curb directly in front of the building he was watching.

Ross wore a light automobile overcoat that well enveloped him. This he then threw into the back seat of the machine as he stepped out upon the pavement.

"When I return drive to the place I told you," he directed the chauffeur. "Then you can go home."

The next minute Ross entered the building in the doorway of which Strong had been lurking. Its front doors were open, its upper stories closely shuttered. There was an enclosed stairway. The door of this Ross unlocked, disappeared, relocked it, and Strong was left alone to his reflections.

From his observation and inquiries, the wireless operator theorized that secret gambling was going on in the floors above the street. It was quite a large building, however, and he could not believe that it was entirely occupied for this purpose. Now he passed down the lower hall, hoping to find some rear staircase. He groped about for some time. Finally he discovered a door with a wicket in it. He could not budge the door, and he reached in through its open upper half, feeling around for a lock.

"Hah!" came a sudden aspiration, and his hands swept those of another on the other side of the door.

Instantly they grappled. Thus in the darkness they faced each other.

"Who is it?" demanded Strong.

"Who are you?" came the responding challenge.

Strong released one hand. He groped in his pocket, found a match, and suddenly flared it. In the sharp flicker of its radiance he made out a [illegible] face.

"Talbert!" he exclaimed—"Elwyn Talbert!"

"Why—Strong!" breathed the other, in a tone of vast astonishment. "What has brought you here? But I need not ask. Your sister, Miss Ethel—"

"My sister!" repeated Strong in an intense tone. "What do you mean—what do you know concerning her?"

"Wait," said Talbert, "no use groping about here in the dark. Let us get to where we can see one another and talk," and he undid the door and they went out into the arched open doorway at the street.

"Now then," directed Strong eagerly "[illegible]"

"I am trying to find your sister."

"You? Why?"

"Because I love her," spoke Talbert openly. "Did you never suspect that? A hopeless case, perhaps, for she gave me no definite encouragement when we were all working for the wireless people up near Portland. All the same, I shall never forget her and when I received a call from her I was willing to give my life for her."

"She called on you?"

"By wire. A strange, mystifying summons. I had lost track of both of you, although I thought of her constantly. Two weeks ago a message came to me, at my post of duty along the Oregon coast. It [illegible] name from your sister, and it ran [illegible] 'I am in the power of a man named Dexter Ross at—' That was all. There, in the sending, the wire was cut out. I knew that Ethel must be in great trouble to wire that way. I was alarmed at the abrupt ending of the message. I hurried at once to San Francisco."

"Brave, loyal old friend!" commended Strong warmly.

"Central could only tell me that the wire came in with no word of sending point. Then I figured it out your sister must have been imprisoned by this Dexter Ross in some place where, for just a moment, by reaching from a window or on a roof, she could touch a telegraph wire. She knows enough of dispatching to tap the wires at an insulator and use the contact ends like a key message. Was she detected, interrupted in the message? I don't know, but I got on the trail of this Ross. He is in this building now. I am watching him."

It was a strange, coincidental narrative. In a few words Strong related enough to his friend to have him understand the situation. He was encouraged to realize that he now had an ally in his quest for Ethel and Cecile.

"We must make no rash break," he told Talbert, "for this Ross is a desperate man, with unlimited means at his command. It is a game of slow, patient watching and waiting. He is, as you say and I know, in this house at this present moment. I have a plan."

"What is it?"

"You remain here and keep track of him as best you can, and try to learn why he came here. Come to my hotel," and Strong named it, "as soon as your investigations [illegible]."

"Good," acceded Talbert willingly—"and yourself?"

"I will take another angle of the case."

"You mean—"

"To take up the trail when Ross leaves this house."

The friends parted. Strong went out into the street. He observed that the automobile in which Ross had arrived stood where the chauffeur had halted. The latter, however, he noticed, just going into a cigar store at the next street corner.

A bold plan came into Strong's mind. He formed a quick resolution, and the next moment started on briskly for the automobile waiting at the curb.

CHAPTER XX.

BAFFLED.

Strong stepped into the automobile. The long enveloping coat that Ross had discarded lay on the rear seat. He promptly donned this, muffling up face and head.

At that moment the chauffeur came out of the cigar store, hurried his steps, and as Strong waved his hand as if to indicate urgency, touched his cap in an apologetic and brisk way and immediately started up the machine.

Strong knew nothing of his destination. He was completely in the dark as to the probable results of his exploit. As he felt in the pockets of the automobile coat he found a key and a folded sheet of paper. The driver of the machine must have been in the habit of making these trips with Ross, for he asked no directions. He pursued a route to a retired and remote part of the city, and stopped abruptly in front of a dark, gloomy looking building resembling a factory.

Strong alighted from the machine. The chauffeur at once started away. The young wireless operator walked up to the enclosed entrance to the building before him. He drew the key from his pocket and fitted it to the lock of the door before him.

He did not know what peril he was walking into, but he hoped for some enlightenment, haphazard, as to the mystery surrounding Ross. The door he opened had a spring lock and slammed to noisily after him. Strong groped along a wall, came against a stairway, and then halted, on guard and startled. A sudden blaze of light irradiated a great rambling room, revealing a man over at one end who had suddenly turned on the electric light switch.

"Ah, arrived, eh?" sang out the man, advancing. "All ready to vacate and visit your fair prisoners—hah!"

Apparently at first flush the lone occupant of the place had taken Strong for Ross. A closer glance had enlightened him. He paused abruptly, hunched his shoulders suspiciously, and glared at the intruder.

"Who are you?" he demanded, in a vicious tone of voice.

Strong saw the hand of the man go to a hip pocket. He was himself unarmed. Before he could speak, the custodian of the place had drawn a revolver.

Bang!

Bang—bang!

The shots rattled about Strong, who retreated precipitately. Then he reached the stairs at [illegible]. Up them he bounded.

Bang—bang!

One shot carried his hat aw[illegible]. The second shattered a window pane half way up the stairs. It was sure death to halt and remain a target for his relentless pursuer. Strong sprang at the window and through it, carrying out the sash in his reckless progress.

He turned over as he began a twenty-foot descent, landed on a heap of debris com-

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"Well, George, I've noticed that, but dad says you'd better propose before long or there will be doin's."

"When you interrupted me, Mabel, I was about to say that I do not propose to wait any longer to learn whether you do or do not return my love."

"Oh, George! This is so sudden!"

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(Continued fr[illegible] page twelve.)

posed of old build[illegible]erial, sustained a great blow on the head, and then—oblivion.

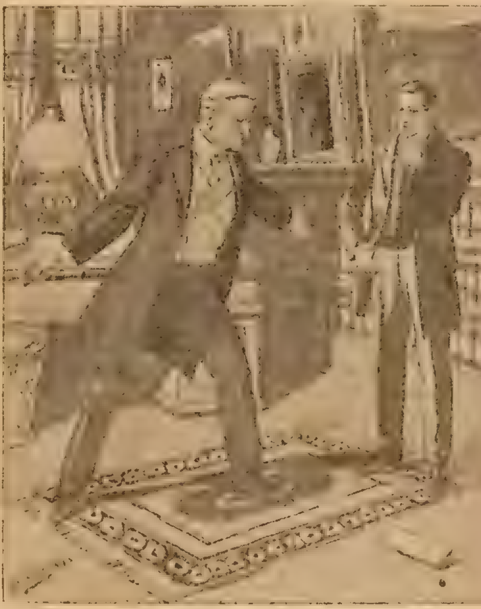
It was raining when Strong aroused to consciousness over two hours later. It took him quite a time to recover his scattered wits. He was weak and dizzy headed and his garments were soaked. As he came around to the front of the building he found its front door open. The place had been deserted. [illegible] appearance and flight had [illegible] [illegible]sed the apparent ally of Dexter Ross to abandon the place.

The exploit of the evening had resulte[illegible] disastrously. He had given the enemy the alarm, he had undoubtedly aroused the suspicions of Ross, and now the trail would be harder to follow than ever.

Strong went back to the place where he had left Talbert. He lingered about until nearly dawn, but no trace was afforded of either his friend or Ro[illegible]

He was weak and exhausted when he got to his hotel. He hoped that Talbert would report to him during the day. His friend did not appear. That evening Strong found affairs even more complicated. He learned that Ross had paid his bill and had left the hotel.

The next day he again h[illegible]ed the detective.



"Lost! ruined!" "I will hang him!"

When the latter reported two days later, it was to disclose not the remotest clew as to the whereabouts of Ross. The latter had utterly disappeared, and as the days wore on there came no news from Talbert.

The building where Strong had last seen his friend turned out to be a secret gambling place. The factory building was still deserted.

"There is only one course open to me," decided Strong, "I must go back to Fairview, and hope to again take up there the threads of this great maze."

Strong put on the same attire he had worn as the chauffeur of old Gideon Lane He packed his suit case to leave his new, assumed disguise stored in the city. Strong came to the automobile coat he had worn the night he had followed Ross

It remained hung up in a closet since the night he had donned it. As he removed it now he felt in the pockets. His hand came in contact with the paper he had noticed the night of his last hazardous exploit, and which he had forgotten until the present moment.

It was a neatly folded sheet of paper Strong opened it. With a gasp he read its contents

It was a marriage license dated about two weeks previous, authorizing the union of Dexter Ross with Cecile Dunbar!

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MARRIAGE LICENSE

The young wireless operator sustained a great shock as he took in the marriage license for what it was! Here at last was distinct and positive evidence that Dexter Ross was, as he had supposed, the center of all the plot involving the Middleton tragedy

Here, too, was proof irrefragible that Cecile was in the power of the villain, that he plotted to make her his wife. It took no wide scope of surmise to decide that the profligate, with large means at his command, could think of wedding a poor, ob[illegible] [illegible]d only because there was some [illegible] behind it of vast importance.

"Cecile Dunbar—that is her name," reflected Strong "This scoundrel is, indeed, a deep schemer. He murdered the only living guardian of Cecile, old Robert Middiction. He has kidnaped Cecile and [illegible] sister, Eth[illegible] N[illegible], warned that some one is on his trac[illegible], he ha[illegible] [illegible]sappeared. How am I to get again on hi[illegible] trail and defeat his wicked plan[illegible]"

It was at Fairview and from the unguarded lips of old Gideon Lane that he had learned that Ross was a murderer. Then [illegible] had overheard the allusion to "two [illegible] The parts of the perplexing enigma [illegible] His great [illegible] to reach his sister and Cecile [illegible]ik as he thought of the beauti[illegible] who, through threats or deception, might be prevailed upon to link her destiny to that of a red-handed a[illegible]sin.

When Str[illegible]ng got ready to leave the hotel he telephoned for the detective he had previously employed. He gave him a new address, placed one hundred dollars in his hands, and asked him to continue his efforts to locate Ross, and also if possible learn the fate of his missing friend, Elwyn Talbert.

Strong went down to Fairview that evening. He half hoped that Ross had retur[illegible]ed to the home of his uncle. If not he might there learn where Ross was [illegible] He met a servant of Lane on his [illegible] the railroad station to the mansion. I[illegible] then that he learned that not only was R[illegible] not at Fairview, but that his uncle [illegible] irate and nervous over his unexplained absence.

"It looks as though the schemer is up to some plot to cut loose from his uncle [illegible] carry out some deep design of his own,"

refl[illegible]d Strong. "The old man seems [illegible] be determined that Ross shall not make any outside alliance without his knowledge and consent. I may have a card to play in my possession of that marriage license which may bring into my hands the whole motive and details of all this mysterious case."

Lane was glad to welcome Strong. His former service had been useful and acceptable. The old man recognized in Strong an equal breeding and intelligence. He [illegible] lonely and troubled, and showed his satisfaction in his indulgent treatment of his supposed chauffeur.

He asked Strong considerable about his journey to San Francisco. He inquired about the city itself. Strong could not precisely imagine what the old man was getting at until Lane made the remark

"I may want you to go back to the city [illegible]

[illegible] Mr Lane?" responded Strong in[illegible]

[illegible] anxious as to the whereabouts and doings of a certain person," continued Lane. [illegible]ee her[illegible] I may as well say to you that I have tak[illegible]n quite a liking to you."

[illegible]k you."

You are not of the hired class, and I believe I can trust you. I am a wealthy man, and I can afford to pay well for service granted me"

I have found you very liberal, Mr. L[illegible]

[illegible]ill find me more so if you will be [illegible], active and loyal to my inter[illegible]

[illegible]what way can I serve you, Mr. L[illegible]

I have a nephew, Dexter Ross"

[illegible] I have he[illegible]rd of him," said Strong.

"He is considerable of a care to me. All he thinks of is his own selfish desires [illegible] to spend money recklessly. I don't [illegible] anything about that, only I want him to—well, to keep out of trouble."

"I see."

"He has not written to me for over a week, and letters and telegrams sent to his hotel in San Francisco have brought no reply."

[illegible] reflected deeply [illegible] it the right juncture at which he might [illegible]t with pre[illegible]on on knowledge in his pos[illegible] [illegible]d the old man keenly.

"M[illegible]. Lane," he said, after an impressive [illegible] "you have invited my confidence."

[illegible] what have you to say?" demanded [illegible] keen ferret eyes scanning sharply and cunningly the face of his chau[illegible] [illegible] "I can see that you have something important to reveal."

"Perhaps," acknowledged Strong. "I don't [illegible] place myself in a f[illegible] position [illegible] you, however, I think I [illegible] me[illegible] that will inte[illegible] you."

About my nephew

Yes."

"Favorable or otherwise."

That is for you to decide."

"Speak, man!" ordered Lane, who was

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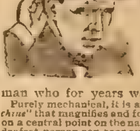

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manifestly wrought up to a tense degree of anxiety and surprise.

"I have made a discovery," said Strong. "I have found a certain paper. I will not be questioned how or where. It may be of importance to you, it may not. In any case, I am not to be called upon to explain how it came into my possession."

"Agreed."

"If it is of importance to you, will you tell me why?"

"Yes."

"Very well. There it is."

Strong produced the marriage license which he had found in the pocket of the eating overcoat belonging to Dexter Ross.

He watched the face of Lane closely as the latter with trembling fingers began to unfold the document. Then he perused it.

His eyes started from his head, amazement, consternation, rage were depicted in his strong features.

Rising to his feet with a cry frantic, vicious echoing, he screamed out:

"Lost! ruined! I will hang him! I will hang him!"

CHAPTER XXII.

STRUCK DOWN.

With the words shrieked out: "Lost! ruined! I will hang him! I will hang him!" Gideon Lane, the millionaire owner of Fairview, reeled wildly, clutched at the chair he had just vacated, and with it went crashing to the floor.

There he lay, his face twitching horribly, a red foam on his lips. Then his pulsating muscles relaxed, and he lay motionless. Strong ran to the call button. Very promptly Djalma, the faithful servant of the old man, came hastening to the scene.

His keen, piercing eyes took in all the scene at one swift glance. He eyed Strong suspiciously as he demanded:

"What has caused this?"

"A revelation I made to Mr. Lane," responded Strong.

"About what?"

"You must ask him that," rejoined the young wireless operator. "That is Mr. Lane's secret—and my own."

They both aided in lifting the stricken man to a couch. Then Djalma went for some medicine and administered it to his master. Slowly Lane came back to consciousness. It was plain to be seen, however, that his usual vitality was impaired. He could scarcely sit up, and his nerves were all a-tremble. His wild gaze swept the apartment. He brushed Djalma aside and fixed his eyes on Strong.

"You have nothing further to tell me?" he aspirated hoarsely and with difficulty.

"Not a word."

"You know nothing further of Ross—his whereabouts, his plans?"

"Nothing."

"I believe you. I do not know your interest nor your motive in bringing me this information. I am going to trust you, however. This much about my affairs and those of my renegade nephew you may know! He is bent upon rewarding my generosity to him by a deed of rank treachery. Djalma, bring me the old oaken chest from the library."

"Master," remarked the servant in a low, warning tone, "after all these years will you trust a stranger?"

"I must. I am determined to outwit, to punish Dexter Ross."

"You scarcely know this man, your chauffeur."

"Money will buy his fidelity."

"As you will—but I fear," said Djalma, leaving the room.

He returned in a few moments bearing a small oaken box. This he placed on a low stool beside the couch on which Lane reclined. The latter viewed the box with an eager, devouring glance. He removed a small key from his pocket, and, fixing his eye on Strong, hissed out:

"I am through with my treacherous nephew, Dexter Ross! I am going to send him to the gallows! I shall show you the proofs of a great crime he committed. This box contains them. Then I shall pay you to follow out my directions."

"What are they?" inquired Strong.

"One hundred thousand dollars if you locate the renegade and bring him to the gallows through the evidence I have that he murdered one Robert Middleton."

"I will do it for nothing!" cried Strong, trembling on the verge of what he believed would be a great discovery.

"No, you shall have the reward you earn. Further, two hundred thousand dollars if you choose to kill the scoundrel when you find him."

Strong was silent. He discerned that he might now learn the deep mystery surrounding the murdered Middleton and the missing Cecile.

Gideon Lane fitted the key to the lock of the oaken box, turned it, and threw back its cover.

"Ha!" exclaimed Djalma, peering aghast into the receptacle.

"Empty!" screamed the old man, writhing. "Ross has baffled us—he knew the proofs were in the house, located them, destroyed them! Help—help!"

It was help indeed that the old man needed, but the ministrations of Djalma proved of little avail. Lane sank back upon the couch as if dealt some sudden and terrible blow. Then he lay with closed eyes and locked lips.

"The blow has killed him!" gasped Djalma, rushing for the telephone to summon a physician.

"The hand of God—paralysis!" breathed Ralston Strong solemnly.

When the doctor arrived he soon announced that Lane was in a precarious condition, and might never rally back to consciousness.

After giving all the assistance he could Strong walked out into the garden of the place. He was unnerved, distressed at all that had so recently happened. He sought a rustic seat some distance from the house, and gave himself over to deep thought.

There was a rustling of the shrubbery at his side. A shadowy form penetrated the foliage. Like a specter the figure emerged into the moonlight and stared down at him fixedly.

The intruder was a young man about the age of Strong. He was thin, pale, poorly clad. The traces of great mental suffering were visible in his colorless face.

"Do you belong to the house?" he asked in a hoarse, strained tone.

"Yes," assented Strong.

"Is Gideon Lane there?"

"He is."

"I must see him. Can you arrange that I may do so?"

"No," responded Strong. "Mr. Lane has just been stricken with a mortal illness. He may not live the night through."

"All the more must I see him!" insisted the stranger, feverishly, fiercely. "He must not die until I ask him some questions about his nephew, Dexter Ross."

"It would be vain. He lies in a dead stupor. He cannot be aroused."

A spasm of awful disappointment crossed the face of the intruder.

"Further," continued Strong, "if it is to ask Mr Lane as to the person you name, his nephew, Dexter Ross, that, too, would be vain."

"About that scoundrel?" cried the stranger. "Oh, no! Only too well do I know his whereabouts."

"You do?" cried Strong hopefully and with eagerness.

"I do."

This extraordinary story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

The Forgotten Signal.

(Continued from page nine.)

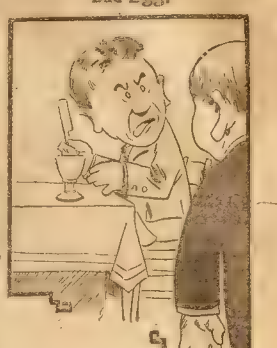
She stepped toward him with hands extended. Logan arose and tried to hide his broken wrist behind him. Millie looked at his bloodstained face for a moment, then suddenly put her arm around his neck and kissed him.

The "old man" nodded his head. "It's all right, my daughter!" he said, "I'm glad to note that you know a real man when you see one. As for you, young man, when that wrist of your gets well you will find yourself wanted in the trainmaster's office." And six months later Logan found himself in the dispatcher's chair, busy as only one can be who has the guidance of many trains and the safety of human lives depending on the skill and steadiness of his hand and brain. When he became chief dispatcher Millie came and joined her sweet young life to his.

As for Tommy Chambers, he never attempted telegraphy again. For five years he looked back to the threatened calamity of his great error with a kind of terror. He went into merchadising, frankly avowing that, as for him, railroading as a business was altogether too complicated and exciting.

This story is from the pen of the author of two books of railroad stories that we heartily recommend to Ledger readers. One of the books is "The Diamond Key, and the Railroad Heroes Who Won It." The other book is "Young Heroes of Wire and Rail." These books recount many thrilling and extraordinary acts of heroism by telegraph operators and train dispatchers and engineers and conductors. If you like to read exciting railroad stories you ought to send for both of these splendid books. They are beautifully bound and nicely illustrated, and each book contains nearly 400 pages of matter that will make you sit up and take notice. If you wish to make a birthday present to any one, or would like yourself to be wonderfully entertained, you should send for one or both of these books. "Young Heroes of Wire and Rail" is $1.00. "The Diamond Key, and the Railroad Heroes Who Won It," is $1.00. Address Lee & Shepard, Publishers, [illegible] Federal street, Boston, Mass.

Bad Egg.



Waiter—What is it, sir?

Guest (opening egg)—When I asked you for a four-minute egg I meant one that had been in boiling water that long, and not one that lacked four minutes of hatching.

Lacked Length of Legs.

A large and pompous person, wearing a high hat, a long coat, yellow spats and a congenital sneer, for several days made himself obnoxious around a Washington hotel a bit ago.

He announced he was from New York, nagged the bellboys, jawed the clerks, cussed the service, roared at the food, complained about his room and the elevator and the telephones and the bar, and everything else.

One afternoon he walked over to the porter and said: "Here you, I'm going to quit this town and go back to New York, where I can get some decent service. I want you to buy me two seats in a parlor car on the 4 o'clock New York train. Get me two seats now, and meet me at the station with the tickets. I want one chair to sit in and one to put my feet in."

The seats were delivered at the train just before it pulled out. One of the seats was in car No. 3 and the other was located in car No. 4.

Alaska had an earthquake, but the grip of the Guggenheims was not affected.

Boy's and Girl's Corner

NAB FLYNN'S GRIT;

Or, The Prisoner of Deadfall Inn

By J. M. MERRILL,

Author of "The Storm Child," etc.

[illegible]right 1910 by W. D. Boyce [illegible]

[illegible] No. [illegible] 17. [illegible] can begin with that issue, or back copies [illegible]n be obtained from news stand[illegible] agents, or by mail from the office [illegible]

CHAPTER XVIII

ADVENTURE [illegible]

IT WAS [illegible] several [illegible]s ere Nab could collect himself sufficiently to make an investigation of the pit into [illegible] dwarfed companion [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible]nd and look down into it. It was too [illegible] to see the bottom. He heard a scr[illegible]bling of feet belo[illegible]ever, and knew that his friend was still [illegible]

[illegible]

"[A]re you hurt, Tony?" called Nab.

[illegible] fury, but hurt? [illegible] [ha]ppened, anyhow?"

"The earth caved in, that's all. [illegible] hand and help me [illegible]"

[illegible]ched down to his [illegible]ble pulling on his part Nab had [illegible]sure of helping [his] companion [illegible] once more.

[illegible] considerable time. Nab was anxious to [ge]t to Deadfall Inn in advance of Mr[illegible] He feared she might get into [illegible]le with the landlord and use her pistol [illegible] deserved [illegible] widow that worried [illegible] want to get to [illegible]

[illegible] mine this hole [illegible]

"We haven't time [illegible] Do you know [illegible]

[illegible]

[I've he]ard old Bob and that sneak Seguin talkin' [illegible] I heard satisfied me that ther[e's] a secret passage somewhere [illegible] hillside next [illegible]

[illegible]e are on the side of Satan's Run [illegible] why, who knows but this hole [illegible]ten into the passage Let's investi[gate] [illegible]tion Nab at once con[illegible] underground [pa]ssages leading to the old tower it might [be] that in one of these, o[r] a room opening from it, Iva May wa[s] [illegible]

[illegible] each a good heavy cudgel the [boy]s entered the pit and were read[y] [illegible] adventure that might befall them.

[illegible] discovered that they were [illegible] in a sort of tunnel leading seemingly [illegible]

[illegible] distance Nab [illegible] sudden halt [illegible] matches and [illegible]bout exhausted.

"What we w[a]nt is torche[s] [illegible]"

"That would be [illegible] thing," agreed To[ny].

[illegible] passage was [illegible] one place Nab found some [illegible]sinous wood, which he bundled [illegible]ng with a string made from a [illegible] his handkerchief [illegible] the end of his cudgel into an end of this Nab lit the fagots, soon having a beautiful [illegible] With this the two [illegible] some rods i[n] [illegible]

[illegible] We'll soon be in the heart of the old [illegible] secrets and all."

[illegible]ssented his companion, [illegible] sake yell so loud; [illegible] may hear you. Come on now.'

[illegible]ed boldly, bearing his torch.

[The] two explorers had not gone far ere [illegible] halted so suddenl[y] [illegible] in the rear c[a]me up against him with a [illegible]

[illegible] growled Tony, "what ye [illegible]

[illegible] down the narrow [illegible] [a]head of them were two living ball[s] [illegible] the angry eyes of an [illegible]

"Holy smoke!" ejaculated Tony, "what is it."

"It's a tiger!" answered Nab.

"No 'tain't. Tigers don't live in Pennsy."

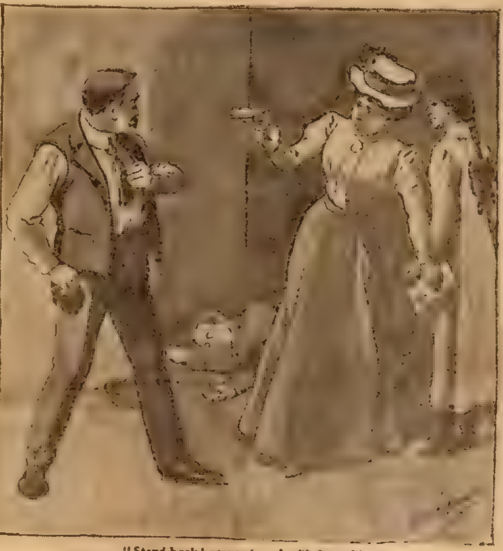
Wow—bow—wow—wow!

"Why, it's a dog!" uttered the dwarf in a relieved breath.

And yet the dog was not disposed to permit the boys a free passage. He growled savagely, and advanced toward them, showing his teeth. He proved to be a large bulldog, and an ugly looking customer.

"Good dog, good dog, doggy, dog," wheedled Nab.

But the dog was not to be cajoled. His back bristled, and his teeth gleamed all the more fiercely. Nab stood his ground, though trembling inwardly.



"Stand back! coward, or I will shoot!"

The dwarf bent close to the ground and advanced to the side of Nab, clutching his heavy cudgel tightly.

The boys found that it was a waste of breath to speak softly to the angry bulldog.

"Let me take your club," cried Nab, half turning.

At that the dog made a spring. Tony Pitts threw himself in front of his friend, his club whirling through the air. Dog and dwarf went to the floor in a mad crush. Nab quickly snatched his burning bundle of fagots from the end of his cudgel and thrust them in the face of the dog which sent the animal howling from his intended prey.

Advancing with the torch in his left hand, Nab wielded his stick with his right, doing good service, since he belabored the enemy till he lay at his feet and whined.

"There, he's out of our way, thank heaven!" gasped the perspiring lad. He now turned to Tony, who had lifted his club to deal the dog another terrible blow

"Hold on," commanded Nab, "the beast is conquered."

"He is now anyhow," uttered the dwarf as his club came heavily down crushing the animal's skull.

"Too bad," said Nab. "He wouldn't have harmed us after I jabbed that fire in his face."

"It's safer as it is," chuckled the drawf.

Nab felt the force of his companion's argument and made no attempt to controvert it. The boys breathed easier now, although they knew not what the dark corridor had in store for them beyond this point.

They stood for some time in earnest confab.

"That dog was placed here for a g[uard]," decided Nab.

"D'ye think so?"

"Sure. We may run upon othe[r]s before this adventure is done with"

"Maybe we'd better turn back."

Nab laughed anything but happily.

"There's no turning back now," said he. "We are into this to the end. Of course if you feel that w[ay] [illegible]"

"Shet yer head, old man," blazed the dwarf. "What d'ye think I'm made of anyhow? When Tony Pitts goes back on any game he goes into like this one then shoot him on the spot."

The young fellows were well satisfied with steadfastness of one another and nothing more was said on the subject of retiring from the firing line

"There's one thing I wish we'd thought of, though," said Tony.

"And what's that?" asked his companion.

"To have armed ourselves with something 'at could shoot."

"It wouldn't have been a bad idea," agreed Nab; "but it's too late now to cry over that sort of milk. We must make the best of it with the weapons we have."

"And they are simply our bare hands," groaned Tony.

"And these cudgels."

"They won't amount to a dog's breath in a cyclone," declared the dwarf; "that is, if we meet an armed enemy as I am sure we shall do before long."

"Never cross a bridge till you come to it, Tony."

Securing his now half burned torch Nab pressed ahead once more

They had not gone far [e]re a sound of startling import fell on their ears—the cry of some one in distress.

"That old scream, Tony!" exclaimed Nab in considerable excitement. "The ogre of the inn is murdering poor Iva!"

The boys paused to listen. A strange, dead silence fell once more

Fearful of being left in darkness Nab pressed on again, nor paused till he came to a door. He tried this to find that it resisted his efforts to open it.

"Up a stump at last," groaned Dwarf Tony.

"Ha! here is something!" exclaimed Nab.

The "something" referred to by Nab proved to avail them now—a small opening in the main door, uncovered by a slide. The aperture was large enough for Nab to slide through by a tight squeeze.

He waited on the other side for his friend.

The dwarf, however, was of a different build from his companion. When part way through the aperture he stuck like a square pin in a round hole. Wriggling and twisting did no good. The hunch in the trunk of poor Tony wedged him tightly in the hole of the door

Again came a faint cry from somewhere in the upper r[illegible] [Na]b was wild with excitement. He grasped the shoulder of his companion and pulled with might and main. No go. He had not power to stir the dwarf one single inch.

"Crawl back," whispered Nab, "and try co[m]ing through feet first."

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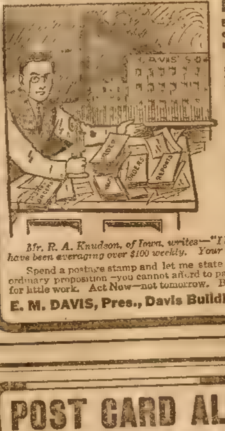

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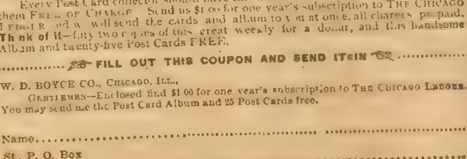

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"Good heavens! Nab I'm fast!" wailed the crooked Pitts. In vain he twisted and squirmed; he was tightly wedged in the aperture and could get neither in nor out.

Nab began to perspire. Tony was wet with sweat. The situation was suspenseful. What could they do? From somewhere in the upper regions came sounds of startling nature, and our boy heroes were unable to go to the assistance of their imprisoned friend.

CHAPTER XIX.
STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

"There is that cry again," exclaimed Nab helplessly. "Oh, Tony—"

"Go, go!" screamed the dwarf. "They are murderin' the girl! Don't you hear 'em?"

"But you, Tony—"

"I'll get out some way. Run like Satan or you may be too late!"

This advice seemed the only thing to do under the circumstances. Nab clinched his cudgel tightly in one hand, clung closely to his now dying torch, and went forward, stumbling against the foot of an iron stairway.

Up this he went two steps at a time. Soon he came to an upper landing. From this the stairs took another turn, winding, winding ever upward.

The boy realized after a minute that he was climbing up into the topmost regions of the old tower of Deadfall Inn.

His torch was burning out when he ran against another door, from beyond which came the sound of voices.

"Oh, sirs, do anything you like with me, but do not harm her!" pleaded a girl's voice from behind the door. The torch was no longer of service and Nab dropped the fragments of flame at his feet.

He grasped the knob of the door, turned it, and with a glad exultation, found himself entering another room.

Stunned by his fall, it was some time ere Percy St. George came to his senses. When he did so he found himself lying at full length upon a hard floor, with a gentle, anxious face, lit by a pair of violet eyes, bending over him.

"Where are you hurt?" asked a sympathetic voice.

"Nowhere," and Percy sat up with a wild look on his handsome face.

The room was small, poorly furnished, everything seeming to be of a past age. There was but one window, and this, cut in the thick masonry, was crossed by iron bars—a veritable prison room.

All this Percy saw at a sweeping glance around, after which he looked straight into the violet eyes. A pinkish pair of lips were close to his cheek, a small, pale, tear-wet girl's countenance completing the picture.

"Who are you?" asked the still dazed Percy.

"I am Iva Loveland."

"Eh? Then you are found at last!" exclaimed the tall New Yorker, struggling to his feet, lifting the girl up also. She was quite tall, almost as tall as himself. His surprise was depicted on his face.

"No, you are mistaken," he said awkwardly. "Iva May is only a child."

"And what am I?" she asked bewilderedly.

"You—oh, you are a young lady."

"I am not yet fourteen."

"Well, but I thought you were only a chit, say six or seven. And he, this man of the inn, he has held you a prisoner in this ugly tower. You wish to get out, do you not?"

"Oh, yes, so much, so very much. Mamma, poor mamma! She must be wild over my absence."

"Your mother is all right," soothed the tall boy. "Of course she is a bit nervous about your staying away so long, but that is natural. I'll take you back to her right away. If you are ready we will go now. Has old Bob been mean to you, Miss Iva?"

"He hasn't harmed me, only at times he has threatened to do some terrible deed. I am deathly afraid of him."

"Sure you must be. How did it all come about—your being here I mean?"

"I went to the village; on my way home I was seized, blindfolded and carried here. I have no knowledge of why it was done. I have tried to attract attention and help by crying out at times, but on one has heard."

"Yes, Nab had heard; he is a brave little chap. It was he that put me on trail looking after you. Shall we go now, Miss Iva?"

"I only wish we could."

"There's nothing to hinder."

Percy began to look about the room. It was semi-circular in form. He saw no door. A puzzled look overspread his face.

"Where is the door?" he asked in a puzzled tone.

"There is none," she said.

"Where, then, did I come in?"

"You fell through the wall."

"But that's not possible, you know."

"It is though. The wall split open and you tumbled through, and then it closed up as tight as ever. I have hunted and hunted for a way to get out, but haven't found a way yet."

"That is strange."

"Yes, it is strange. You quite frightened me when you fell into the room——"

"But Bobdown visits you?"

"Sometimes. Once he let me into another apartment. He seemed afraid I might attract attention from there, so he put me back here. When he wishes to visit me he slips through the wall somehow."

"Well, that's the way we'll slip out," declared Percy with a laugh.

It was not such an easy matter, however. The youth could find no door, and the window was effectually barred.

"You look as though you hadn't been starved," said Percy. "I argue from that you get an occasional meal."

"Twice every day, morning and night."

"How do they get it into this room?"

"Through the wall, as you came in. If we knew the secret spring which bursts the wall we might get out."

"I'll find it, never fear."

Percy continued his search without results. The only recourse left them was to wait the coming of the person who brought the prisoner her food. Percy decided to lay in wait and break out when next an opening presented itself.

Night deepened before this opportunity arrived. Meantime, Percy was not averse to visiting with this decidedly pretty girl. He did not tell her that her mother's cottage had been destroyed, nor that said mother was among the missing. He felt that Iva May had had troubles enough to endure without listening to others she could not help.

Presently a sound was heard on the other side of the wall.

"Now is your time," whispered Iva May.

Percy was at once on the alert. He saw a section of the wall move, then a hand bearing a plate of eatables was thrust through the aperture. Now was his time. The boy seized the hand, knocking plate and contents upon the floor. A yell of rage rang out. Percy clung to the hand like grim death. The aperture widened and a man's face filled it—the face of Seguin, the innkeeper's base tool.

Percy saw that the man was fumbling with his free hand beneath his short coat. A knife gleamed, but Percy was too quick for the villain. He seized him by the throat and pressed him backward, himself being thus drawn through the aperture into the next room.

Here followed a terrific battle for the mastery.

The villainous Seguin was trying desperately to plunge his knife into the body of his assailant.

Iva May saw her chance and crawled through into the next room. She was none too soon since the wall suddenly closed into solidity without a sound. Iva saw her new friend struggling for life in the hands of one she knew to be a tool of her wicked jailer.

"Hang tight, Mr. St. George!" screamed the girl when she saw the boy's clinched fingers about the wrist of the hand that held the knife. "I'll help you in a second!"

The girl ran behind Seguin, clutched her taper fingers in his long hair, and pulled him over backward. The gleaming knife rattled at her feet.

"Bully for you, Iva!" shouted Percy, rising and placing his foot upon the fallen man. The girl snatched the knife just as a door opened and the innkeeper appeared on the scene. His dark face wore an angry, half frightened expression, when he saw the state of affairs in the tower room.

"You, Percy St. George?" cried the astonished landlord.

"That's what," returned Percy. "You'll see the game is up; you may as well knuckle under. Call off this dog Seguin, and let Miss Loveland descend to the parlor."

The innkeeper stood rooted to the floor. He seemed incapable of saying or doing anything for the space of several minutes.

"This—this shameless fracas must cease. What is it all about? Iva, go back to your room."

"I don't think she can get back, even if she wanted to, which she doesn't," vouchsafed tall Mr. St. George.

"I'll soon fix that."

The landlord sprang to the semi-circular wall.

"I'm not going back," declared the girl, raising the hand holding Seguin's dirk. "I would even strike you with this if you attempt to force me into that vile den again."

"But I am your lawful guardian," thundered the innkeeper. "I tell you to go back to your room."

"Not room but prison," interjected Percy, facing the landlord with cool determination. Seguin now sat up, leaning his back against the wall, for a wonder making no attempt to interfere. He seemed quite cowed.

"So you have interfered in my little family affair," jeered the innkeeper, shaking his clinched hand in the face of the millionaire's son.

At this moment Seguin, the silent, made a quick move. He caught Percy around the legs and jerked them from under him. The boy fell stunned to the floor.

Seeing her opportunity, Iva May turned to fly. The door from the stairway stood ajar; she reached and flung it open, darting through.

Before she could go farther, however, the innkeeper was upon her, his arm encircling her waist.

"No, you shall never go back to the world again!" he hissed as he dragged her, screaming, back into the tower prison.

CHAPTER XX.
DRIVEN INTO A CORNER.

Into the tavern by a side entrance not ten minutes previous to the stirring events narrated in chapter nineteen, stole an attenuated female figure. She met but one servant of whom she demanded an audience with the master of the house.

"I think Mr. Bobdown is out," said the female servant to whom the woman had spoken.

"Very well, I will call later."

The visitor did not, however, quit the inn, but passed into another room, opened several doors, and went sweeping in headlong haste up several flights of stairs.

She had figured on meeting opposition and was agreeably surprised to find such small obstruction to her progress.

It was her intent to get into the upper regions of the tower. She had learned enough to know that up there was the prison room of her Iva.

As one story after another was traversed the woman, panting and almost winded, came to the upper landing and leaned heavily against a baluster as a door burst open and a girl flung herself into view.

It was then that the master of the inn seized and dragged his prisoner back to the inner room.

"Help! Murder!" screamed Iva at the top of her voice.

"I am here to aid you, Iva, darling," cried Mrs Loveland, dashing across the threshold of the room, confronting and confounding the prince of villains as he was about to consign his girl victim to the doorless chamber once more.

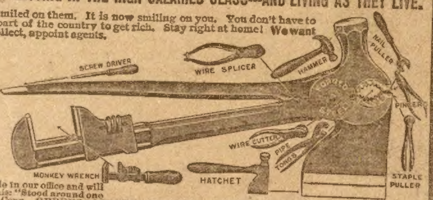
"Ha, you, Mattie Loveland!" cried the astonished landlord.

"Yes, it is I, Jasper Bobdown, come to claim my own. Release that girl, or your blood be upon your own head!" cried the widow, white as any wraith, yet flashing a mad defiance upon her enemy.

Seguin got to his feet and slipped through the door, closing it after him. He seemed to have suddenly decided upon giving his master the slip. Doubtless the fellow had no desire to continue in a service that was so dangerous to his well being.

Percy managed to sit up, yet so dazed from the stunning force of his fall as to scarcely realize what was taking place. He could not have aided his friends then, had a life depended on his services.

Bobdown thrust [illegible] girl behind him and [illegible] with an angry scowl. He faced the mother [illegible] rapidly approaching saw that ma[illegible] a focus. "[illegible] get in here?" he demanded.



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at length. "I gave strict orders to have no one admitted to this tower. The doors must have been left unlocked. Who admitted you, woman?"

"Nobody. Not a door but turned to let me pass. I am here to demand justice, Jasper."

"The more fool you——"

"I have the papers to beat you out in a court of law."

"Papers? I don't understand," mumbled he disjointedly. "The only paper that is of any account is the last will and testament of your late husband, my respected half-brother, Maurice Loveland, who, at his death, appointed me administrator of his estate, and guardian of his daughter Iva here. I had the girl's best interests at heart when I took her from you, Mattie. If you had sense you would know that."

"I know that you have wished her dead many times."

"Foolish woman!" he sneered. "The girl is my dear niece, nearer to me than to you who are only that cold and barren ideality, a stepmother to the heiress of Loveland. I am within my rights, madam, and ask you to go about your business."

"My business is with you, Jasper."

"With me?"

"Yes, with you," insisted the widow. "I know all you have assumed, but I can beat you out at that; I am the properly appointed guardian of my little stepdaughter. I know you have schemed to get her into your power for the purpose of winning my late husband's fortune for yourself. Until a few days ago I supposed you had the lawful right to keep Iva——"

"That's what I have, madam."

"You know better. The paper you are acting under made you guardian, and in case of Iva's death, sole inheritor of her fortune."

"Quite true, madam. You stole the girl from me; that was unlawful, you know that as well as I, Mattie Loveland."

"I might have thought so when I stole the child whom I love as my own. When her life alone stood between you and a fortune she could not be safe in your hands. She might die at any time, then you——"

"'Fore Heaven, madam, dare you accuse me of such baseness?"

"I dare and do. You know of another will, one later by four and twenty hours, a will which placed Iva in my keeping, and gave me half of Maurice Loveland's property. I have the paper here, one you sought to destroy."

Out and up swept the speaker's arm shaking a folded paper between her numbed fingers.

"'Tis here," she cried, "the last will of my late husband, giving me complete control of Iva May Loveland and all the fortune, leaving your paper and your claims without a foot to stand upon!"

"Yours is a forgery!"

"You did not think it so when you consigned it to mother earth encased in a black leather bag. Wince and wriggle as you will, Jasper, your villainy has found you out——"

"I'll have that paper!"

The innkeeper sprang and snatched at the paper in the upraised hand of Mrs. Loveland. She seemed to gather his intent, for she sprang backward, and with her other hand raised a pistol against his breast.

"Stand back, coward, or I will shoot!"

He did recoil with a mad cry. There was shoot in the woman's eye, and Jasper Bobdown was neither a hero nor desirous of martyrdom. He reflected an instant then emitted a low laugh.

"All right, Mattie," cried he in a pleasanter voice. "I agree to everything. You are quite right. I was a fool not to destroy that last will of my half-brother. Mattie, let us be friends."

The innkeeper put forth a friendly hand. The widow was thrown off her guard. She seemed willing to forgive, and forget, now that she saw no real harm had come to her daughter. While her pistol hung at her side he made a quick spring and tore it from her hand.

"The tables are now turned!" cried the landlord exultantly. "Quick, Seguin, we will soon have this woman where she won't do further mischief!"

Mattie Loveland uttered a scream as she found her own pistol turned against her breast.

"Another yell like that and you die!" hissed the innkeeper.

It was then that Iva uttered that appeal for her mother's safety that reached the ears of Nab Flynn, as he opened the door to the tower chamber and cast his eyes upon the scene.

"You old scoundrel!"

With this cry Nab darted forward. He swung his cudgel with good effect, forcing himself between the landlord and widow.

Bobdown, realizing that he was trapped, thrust his pistol into the face of the daring boy and fired. Nab fell bleeding to the floor.

"I'll serve you all the same if you don't clear out," yelled the now doubly maddened innkeeper. Nab lay apparently lifeless on the floor.

Iva stood with clasped hands and eyes of pitying appeal fixed upon the hardened face of her treacherous guardian.

"I am even with the cursed Gotham Arab at last!" snarled the innkeeper as he surveyed his work.

"Jasper Bobdown, you are a murderer!"

Percy St. George staggered up and faced the innkeeper.

CHAPTER XXI.

VICTORIOUS AT LAST.

After firing Bobdown broke away and dashed from the room, closing and locking the door behind him.

Not one of the inmates cared for this, they were all too much shocked over our boy hero, who had been seemingly so cruelly murdered.

Had the innkeeper's bullet ended the life of Nab Flynn, this story would never have been told, but the bullet glanced from the boy's skull, inflicting a stunning yet not dangerous wound.

Efforts to open the door were made without success. Aid came at length from an unexpected source, in the person of Tony Pitts, who had finally extricated himself from the aperture where Nab had left him, and came rushing up the stairs to the rescue.

He met the innkeeper coming down. The two nearly collided on the narrow stairs.

"I've killed the boy!" yelled Bobdown. "Here's the key; go and see what you can do for them."

The dwarf held out his hand.

Into it the man thrust a brass and steel combination key, immediately after which he dashed on his way.

Plainly, Jasper Bobdown believed he had slain his late choreboy, since he mounted a horse and rode from the place, never once turning back till he was well out of the country.

It may be here stated that he was not pursued. It was afterward found that the man had no property to leave behind, that is, none after he was compelled to make restitution to the widow and her stepdaughter.

Nab did not die. He soon recovered and stood a faithful servitor of Mrs. Loveland's interests till she and Iva were fully established in the rightful possession of Deadfall Inn and all the city property left by the late husband and father.

Why the scheming Bobdown had not burned the last will of his half-brother ever remained a puzzle to our friends. Doubtless it was owing to a superstitious nature that feared the consequences of such an act.

Our friends believed that Bobdown really meant to quietly dispose of Iva at his leisure, whereby he would have come into full possession of the Loveland property. It was conceded by all that he might have succeeded in his wicked plot had not the lucky Gotham waif, in the person of Nab Flynn, come upon the scene of action.

In the person of Percy St. George the boy waif had made a friend who proved as steadfast as the needle to the pole. He interested his father in the orphan lad to the extent that our young hero was taken into the New York home, given light work and a chance to attend the public school.

In this way Nab became at least a fixture in the upper world and no longer was dependent on a cold world for favors.

The Lovelands and St. Georges became intimate through the visits of the son to Deadfall Inn.

Ten years after the events thus narrated Percy and Iva were wedded in a fashionable New York church. The best man was the rising young lawyer, Nathan W. Flynn, Esq., who, though riding on the top wave of prosperity, has never forgotten the time when he was only a waif, although as it proved, a most lucky one at the last.

Nab has a young lady in his eye who may some day visit with him, as his wife, the old Colonial house among the eastern Pennsylvania hills, known as Deadfall Inn.

The end.

◆

'Twas Ever Thus.

"Clothes, always clothes!"

The young husband was in no pleasant mood. He laughed cynically as he went on.

"No sooner do I get one set of bills paid than another comes in. Shirt waists, hats, skirts, evening gowns and morning gowns, street costumes and afternoon frocks. Bah! I am tired of it all."

"And yet," replied the young wife combatively, "that is what you married me for."

"Married you for?"

"That is what I said. You married me because I looked pretty—'fetching'— and how can a woman look this way unless she spends money on her clothes? If I had been a calm, severe, matter-of-fact and businesslike person, carefully considering only the usefulness of everything I bought, you wouldn't have given me a second thought—except possibly to stick up your manly nose at me. It was the tint of a gown, the hang of a skirt, the subtle arrangement of color in a hat, that attracted you. You refuse to admit this, of course. With your manly, practical sense you scoff at these superfluous and extravagant things. But without them I should be working out my destiny as an old maid; and if I began with enough property to support myself it would all be wheedled away from me by some suave member of your own sex, whose business it is to make a living out of old maids and widows."

The young husband, as is the wont with manly men, began to take water, this being the obviously chivalric thing to do.

"Now, Mabel," he said expostulatingly, "you know I don't mean all that. Of course you must dress, and even a certain quantity of recklessness meets with my most hearty approval. But there is a limit. Character must be maintained. We mustn't overstep the mark. Living within our income may seem a strange doctrine to you, and yet I maintain that it is our duty."

"Nonsense! You love me for my very extravagance. If I stopped to consider every consequence, you would soon get tired of me. You might hang on a little longer, but when you got to be middle-aged you would do what all middle-aged men with circumspect wives do—you would cast sheep's eyes at the end ladies of the chorus—why? Because they, my dear boy, are reckless, are extravagant, and never proceed to do anything by parliamentary rules."

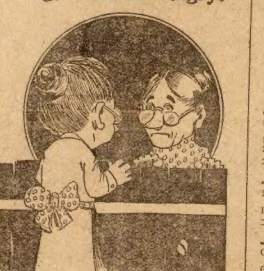
"And you expect to retain my interest, do you, by making me financially miserable?"

"That is the present intention."

So saying, the young wife, arraying herself in her best picture hat, ordered her motor car to take her to her hairdresser's, and from there to her corset maker and her tailor.—Life.

◆

Long, Lean and Hungry.



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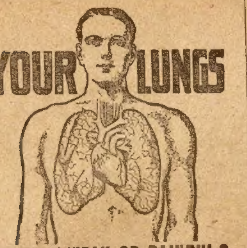

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THE TOO OBEDIENT CHILD

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Teach your children to do the right thing because they see it is the reasonable and advantageous thing to do.

Says Mrs. Gilman: "The habit of obedience forced in upon the impressible nature of a child does develop that fatal facility in following other people's judgment and other people's wills which tends to make us a helpless mob, mere sheep instead of wise, strong, free individuals. The habit of submission to authority, the long, deeply impressed conviction that to be good is to give up, that there is virtue in the act of surrender—this is one of the sources from which we continually replenish human weakness and fill the world with an inert mass of mindless, will-less folk, pushed and pulled about by those whom they obey.

"Moreover, there is the opposite effect, the injurious reaction from obedience, almost as common and hurtful as its full achievement—namely: that fierce, rebellious desire to do exactly the opposite of what one is told, which is no nearer calm judgment than the other.

"The too obedient child has learned only to do what he is told. If not told, he has no initiative; and if told wrong he does wrong. Life to him is not a series of problems to be solved, but a mere book of orders; and, instead of understanding the true, imperious force of natural law which a wise man follows because he sees the wisdom of his course, he takes every "must" in life to be like a personal command, a thing probably unreasonable and to be evaded if possible. Docility, subservience, a quick surrender of purpose, a wavering, untrained, easily shaken judgment—these are the qualities developed by much obedience.

"'If not trained to obedience, what shall the child be trained to?' naturally demands the outraged parent. To inculcate that first of virtues has taken so much time and effort that we have overlooked the subsequent qualities which require our help, and feel at sea when this is taken from us.

"A normal human act, as distinguished from the instinctive behavior of lower animals or from excitomotory reaction, involves always these three stages—impression, judgment, expression. These are not separate, but are orderly steps in the great main fact of life—action. The distinctive power of man is that of connected action.

"In training the brain of a child first importance lies in cultivating this connection between the mind and the behavior. As with eye or hand we should induce frequent repetition of the desired motions that the habit of right action be formed. If the child is steadily encouraged to act in this natural connection, in orderly sequence of feeling, thought, and action, he would grow into constant presence of mind in his behavior. Habits work in all directions; and a habit of thoughtful behavior is as easy to form, really easier, than a habit of obedience; easier because it would be the natural function of the brain to govern behavior if we did not so laboriously contradict it. We have preferred submission to intelligence and have got neither—not intelligence because we have so violently discouraged it, and not submission because the healthy upward forces of human brain growth will not submit.

"'But what else can we do?' will ask the appalled parents. Without authority they feel no grip on the child and see themselves exposed to infant tyranny, and the infant growing up neglected and untrained. This shows how little progress we have made in child culture, how little grasp we have of the real processes of education. Any parent, no matter how ignorant, is wiser than a baby and larger. Therefore, any parent can direct a child's action and enforce it to some extent. But to understand how to modify the child's action by such processes as shall keep it still his own, to alter his act by first altering his feeling and thought, and so keeping the healthy sequence unbroken—that is a far subtler and more difficult task.

"A typical instance of this difference in method may be illustrated in that common and always difficult task—teaching a child table manners. Here is a case in which there is no instinct in the child to be appealed to. The noise, clumsiness and carelessness to which we object are not at all unpleasant to him. In what way can we reach the child's range of reasoning and convince him of the desirability of this artificial code of ours? We can, of course, state that it displeases us and appeal to his good will not to give us pain. This is rational enough, but consideration for others based on a mere statement of distaste, a distaste he cannot sympathize with, is a weak force with most children. It is a pity to overstrain this delicate feeling. It should be softly tested from time to time and used enough to encourage a healthy growth; but continually to appeal to a sympathy none too strong is often to strain and weaken it. In table manners it seldom works well. The alleged distress of the parent requires too much imagination, the desired self-control has too slight a basis.

"But there is a far safer and better way. Carefully work out in your own mind the real reason why you wish the child to conform to this particular code of table ethics. It is not wholly on the ground of displeasing you by the immediate acts. The main reason that they displease you and that you are concerned about the matter is that this is the accepted standard among people with whom you associate and with whom you expect the child to associate; and if he does not conform to this code he will be excluded from desirable society. When he gets to the point of analyzing these details, and asks why he should fold his napkin in one case and leave it crumpled in another you will, of course, be prepared with the real reasons.

"His most desirable society is usually that of his parents; and his first entrance upon that plane should be fairly conditioned upon his learning to play the game as they do. No compulsion, no penatlies, no thought of naughtiness; merely that if he wants to eat with them, why, that is the way they eat and he must do so, too. If he will not, exit the desirable society. By gradual steps, not by long, tiresome grown-up meals, but by a graduated series of exercises that should recognize the physical difficulty of co-ordinating the young faculties on this elaborate manual of arms, a child could learn the whole performance in a reasonable time and lose neither nerve force nor clearness of perception in the process.

"The question of discipline is a serious one to nearly every young mother, and most mothers are young to begin with. Our general habit is to make the result of the child's deed contingent upon the parental knowledge and displeasure rather than upon the deed itself. As in this hackneyed instance of the fire, instead of teaching the child by mild and cautious experiment that fire burns, we teach him that the fire whips. The baby who is taught not to play with fire by the application of the rearward slipper does not understand the nature of the glittering attraction any better than before; and as soon as he learns that whippings are contingent upon personal observation he fondly imagnes that if he can play with the fire without being seen no pain will follow.

"The worst result of this system is in its effect on the moral sense. We have a world full of people who are partially restrained from evil by the fear of arbitrary punishment, and who do evil when they imagine they can do so without discovery. Never having been taught to attach the evil consequence to the evil act, but instead to find it a remote contingency hinging on another person's observation, we grow up in the same attitude of mind, afraid not of stealing but of the policeman. If there is no slipper, why not tip over the work basket; if there is no policeman, why not steal?

"Some will say that the child is like a savage, and is most open to treatment current at that time in our history. But this means, if we are seeking to benefit the child, not the behavior of one savage to another but such behavior as would elevate the savage. One of the most simple and useful elements in primitive discipline is retaliation. We should treat the child in methods applicable by the savage, not with the behavior of the savage.

"For instance, you are playing with a little child. The little child is rude to you. You put him down and go away. This is a gentle reaction which, being repeated, he soon learns to associate with the behavior you dislike. 'When I do this,' observes the infant mind, 'the play stops. I like to play. Therefore I will not do the thing that stops it.' This is simple observation and involves no ill-feeling. He learns to modify his conduct to a desired end. But if you are playing with the little one, he is rude to you and you spank him, he is conscious of a personal assault, which does arouse antagonism. It is what a savage would have done. It arouses savage feelings and helps to keep the child savage.

(Continued on page nineteen.)

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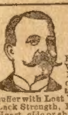

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(Continued from page eighteen.)

"It is natural for childhood to be inconsiderate of others. The intense little ego, full of strong new sensation, has small sympathy for the sensations of his associates.

"The baby may love the kitten and yet hurt it cruelly because he does not know how kittens feel. To show him the right methods of handling the pet, and especially of not handling it; to teach him to enjoy watching the kitten's natural activities, and to respect its preferences—all that is education and needs no discipline. But if the child shows a pleasure in hurting the kitten after he knows it hurts, then you have real evil to deal with. The too callous child might be taken to a children's hospital and help to minister to the needs of the small sufferers. His pets meanwhile should be large and strong creatures—which he would depend on more or less, and his enjoying their company made absolutely contingent on right treatment. Special attention should also be paid to all such acts as showed consideration of others, to encourage and reward them.

"One enormous field of what we call naughtiness in our little ones lies in offences against things; first and foremost, clothes. Wetting, soiling, and tearing clothes—what a sea of tears have been shed, what wails and sobs, what heavy and useless punishments inflicted because of injured clothing! Yet almost every accident to clothing comes from the interaction of two facts: First, the perfectly natural clumsiness and carelessness of childhood; and, second, our interminable folly in dressing a child in unchildish garments and placing him in unchildish conditions. There is no naughtiness involved except in the parent who shows a stupidity abnormal to her age.

"Carelessness is incident to the young brain, essential to it. The power always to properly correlate and remember is an adult power, and not always strong in the adult. We need, of course, to encourage a growing carefulness, but not to expect it, not to punish its natural lack. Clumsiness is also incidental to the young nerve connections. The baby drops things continually; the child frequently; the adult will hold an object even while the mind is otherwise engaged, the habit of the flexo-motor nerves being well established.

"The given acts of each day are not the crucial points we make them. What is important is that the child shall gradually establish a rational and connected scheme of life and its methods of action, his young faculties improving as he uses them, life growing easier and plainer to him from year to year."

◆

Delicious Salads.

Oyster Salad.—Wash two heads of crisp celery, put the celery stalks in a saucepan with their bulk in tender white cabbage, cut in strips; cover with boiling salted water and cook. Drain in a colander and mince fine. Before entirely cold marinade with a little oil and vinegar; then chill.

Strain the liquor from twenty-five large oysters; put it into a saucepan and let it come to a boiling point; skim at once, add a little salt, a dozen bruised peppercorns, two tablespoons of vinegar and then the oysters; heat until the oysters curl; drain them and set on the ice to cool.

When ready to serve arrange the chopped celery and cabbage on a dish, garnish with a border of cress and celery tips.

Place the oysters close together on the top of the bed of celery and cabbage, cover all with mayonnaise, sprinkle over it a little minced capers and serve.

Crab Salad.—Shred two heads of lettuce and a bunch of celery and put into a bowl. Mash the hard-boiled yolks of six eggs to a fine paste with salad oil, rub in a large teaspoonful of dry mustard; beat the yolks and whites of two raw eggs separately and stir into the hard-boiled yolks; thin the mixture with vinegar or lemon. Beat up well; season with salt and cayenne. Add a can of deviled crab meat to the dressing and turn over the bed of lettuce and celery. Toss all together before serving.

Rector's Crab Salad.—One pint of crab meat, two stalks of celery, cut fine; one hard-boiled egg, chopped fine; one tomato cut in small slices. Season with salt, pepper and vinegar diluted with water; also one tablespoon mayonnaise dressing. Mix thoroughly and place in salad bowl. Spread the salad with mayonnaise and sprinkle with capers.

Lobster Salad.—Take the cooked meat of one large or two small lobsters and mince well. For the dressing use the hard-boiled yolks of four eggs (cutting the whites into thin circles for garnishing), one teaspoon of mustard wet with vinegar, one teaspoon of salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Beat well, add gradually one cup of salad oil; thin with lemon juice. Have ready a cup of whipped cream.

Just before serving add half of the cream to the dressing and mix well with the lobster. Mold into a salad dish, and turn over it the remnants of the whipped cream; garnish with celery tops and the whites of the eggs, cut into rings.

Pepper and Grape Fruit Salad.—Remove the tops from six green peppers. Fill with grape fruit pulp, fine cut celery and English walnut meats mixed with mayonnaise dressing. To one cup and a half of the mixture add one-fourth of a cup of heavy cream beaten stiff and tinted a delicate green with vegetable color. To each pepper use three halves of walnut meats and half as much celery as grape fruit.

Neapolitan Salad.—Put into a bowl one-half pint of finely cut pickled beets, one-half pint of finely cut boiled potatoes, two hard boiled eggs and one-half cupful of pickles, all finely cut. Add one-half pint finely shredded cabbage. Mix well with mayonnaise made of the yolks of two eggs, me teaspoonful of mustard and a little red epper; stir gradually into this three-quar- cupful of salad oil; add a little white ar, one tablespoonful finely chopped one tablespoon tarragon vinegar, arter teaspoon white pepper, and ne cupful of whipped cream. Serve [illegible] with shredded lettuce leaves, [illegible] hard boiled eggs.

Shad Roe Salad.—Cook the roes in boiling salted water with a slice of lemon and a bay leaf for twenty-five minutes. Then throw them into ice cold water. When perfectly cold cut the roes into slices, sprinkle with salt and pepper, turn a little lemon juice or vinegar over them and keep in a cold place several hours. Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves, mix a little heart leaves and broken water cress sprays with the prepared roes and lay them in the center of the leaves. Cover with mayonnaise.

Vegetable Salad. A spoonful of parsley chopped fine, six boiled potatoes, half a cooked carrot, one beet. Cut the potatoes in small pieces, the beets a little finer, the carrots very fine. Mix thoroughly, sprinkle a scant teaspoonful of salt, and add to the whole French dressing.

French Dressing.—One saltspoonful salt, one-half saltspoonful of pepper, three tablespoons of oil, one-fourth teaspoon onion juice, one tablespoon vinegar. Mix in the order given, adding oil slowly.

Cucumber Salad.—Cut the cucumbers in thin slices and soak in cold water for one hour. Cut some cold, well salted potatoes in thin slices, using half the quantity of potatoes that you do cucumbers. Mix together with French dressing.

Lettuce and Tomato Salad.—Peel half a dozen tomatoes and put on ice. Select the white inner parts of the lettuce and put on ice. Beat half a pint of sweet cream to a thick mass. To the hard boiled yolks of three eggs add one raw yolk and mix together until a thin paste. Season with a teaspoon salt, one of mustard, a quarter of a saltspoon of cayenne and two tablespoons of vinegar. Mix thoroughly and stir into the cream. On separate plates arrange two or three lettuce leaves to form cups; into each cup place a heaping teaspoon of the dressing. Cut the tomatoes into halves and press the flat side of each half into each spoonful of dressing so that the dressing curls up over the edge of the tomato.

◆

His Visionary Scheme.

Seymour—I don't see how you are going to manage to reach London from Chicago in less than a day's time.

Ashely—It will be easy. The world is 25,000 miles in circumference, isn't it?

Seymour—Yes.

Ashley—And it makes a revolution on its axis in twenty-four hours, or at the rate of about 1,000 miles an hour?

Seymour—I guess that's right.

Ashley—Well, sir, I'll get in my airship, ascend from Chicago, and just wait a few hours in the air, till London rolls around to me.

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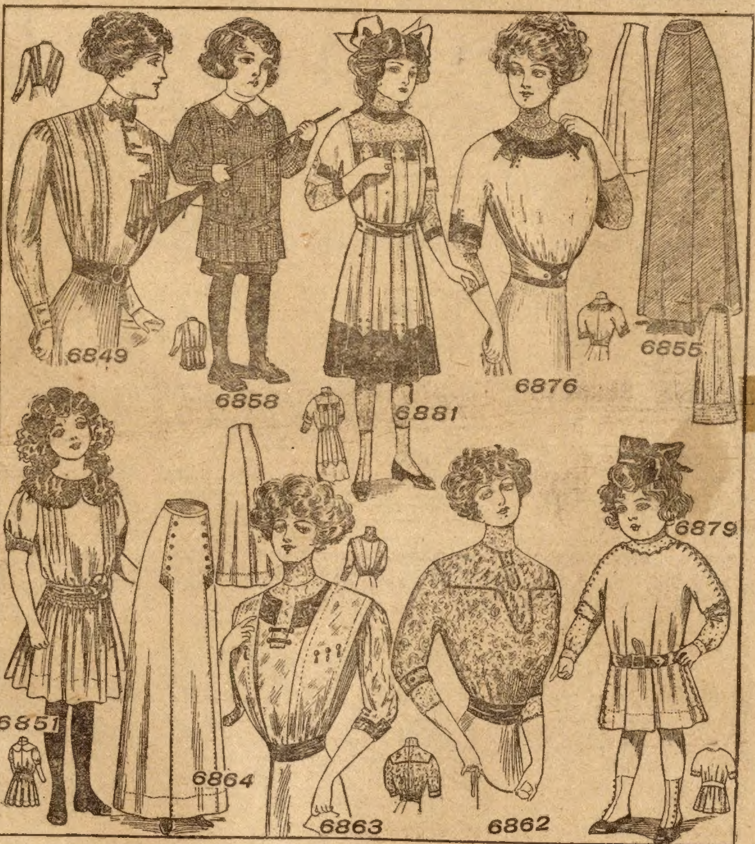

6851—Girl's Dress, 8, 10 and 12 years. The quantity of material for a girl 10 years of age is 4 yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 4 yards 36, or 3 yards 44, with ½ yard of silk to trim as illustrated, ¾ yard of all-over lace for yoke and long under-sleeves.

6864—Four-Gored Walking Skirt, 22 to 30 waist. The quantity of material for the medium size is 5¼ yards of 24 or 27 inches wide, 3⅞ yards 44 or or 2⅜ yards 52 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅝ yards.

6863—Fancy Waist, 34 to 42 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 2⅛ yards 36 or 1⅞ yards 44, with ⅜ yard 18 inches wide for the trimming portions, ⅝ yard of all-over lace for the chemisette, 1¼ yards for chemisette and under-sleeves.

6862—One-Piece Blouse with Yoke, 34 to 40 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2½ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 1¾ yards 36 or 1¼ yards 44, with ⅝ yard of silk for yoke and sleeve bands.

6879—Girl's Dress with Body and Sleeves in One, 4, 6 and 8 years. For the 6 year size will be required 3 yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

6849—Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist, 34 to 42 bust. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3⅝ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

6858—Boy's Box Plaited Blouse Suit, 2, 4 and 6 years. The quantity of material required for a boy 4 years old will be 4½ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, or 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

6881—Girl's Dress with Applied Box-Plaits, 10 12 and 14 years. For a girl 12 years of age will be required 5¼ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1⅜ yards velvet, 1¼ yards of all-over lace to make as illustrated.

6876—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 42 bust. For the medium size will be required 2¼ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide or 1¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of velvet and 1 yard of all-over lace to make as illustrated.

6855—Five Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 waist. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 7 yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 4 yards 36 or 44 when material has figure or nap, but 4 yards 24 or 27 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide will be sufficient when material has neither figure nor nap. The width of the plain skirt at the lower edge is 2⅛ yards and the width of the skirt with band is 2 yards.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Bread Pudding.

"Oh, but mother, I hate the crusts," cried Freddy quite crossly, and glaring at an inoffensive pile of bread crusts beside his plate.

"No matter, dear," answered mother. "It is wicked to waste so much good food. The crusts you leave have to be thrown away."

"Well," said Freddy, "they're useless; why should I eat them? Just a few crusts don't amount to anything, anyway. If I don't believe the stuff in 'em would make a whole loaf of bread."

Mother was bound to show him his mistake, and so she said:

"Now, Freddy, I have an idea. Keep on leaving all the crusts you want to for the rest of the week, and then I think I'll have a little surprise for you."

Freddy needed no urging to leave the despised crusts and continued to eat the heart out of the bread and cast aside the edges. Three times a day he did this and never noticed that Mary Ann carefully brushed them off the table and put them away in the storeroom closet.

One night a week later Freddy came to the dinner table, feeling particularly elated, for he had just peeked into the kitchen and discovered that they were going to have ice cream for dinner; and that is certainly enough to make any boy happy.

"Mary Ann says it is just my favorite kind, too," said he to himself, as the dessert was brought in. Then something very queer happened. Mary Ann left the room, and came back with a saucer of something, which she placed in front of Master Frederick.

"What's that?" he asked, suspiciously.

"Bread pudding, dear," answered mother quite calmly, "made from some of the crusts you have left during the week."

"And do I have to eat it?" asked Freddy. "Can't I have any ice cream?"

"Not until you have finished your pudding," said mother, firmly.

"Oh, well," replied Freddy, "only one small pudding. Guess I can go that. Just to think, all my cast-off bread crusts for a week in that one dish."

"Not quite all," said mother, smiling. "There are still a few more."

A horrible suspicion entered Freddy's mind, but he said nothing, and manfully choked down the pudding, which he hated. After he had eaten that, somehow or other, he did not seem to have much appetite for ice cream and could only dispose of one small saucerful.

Freddy forgot all about his little private dish until dinner the next night, when at dessert in walked Mary Ann with another pudding, identical with the one of the night before. Freddy turned purple.

"Why, mother," he said, "what does this mean? I ate all my crusts today."

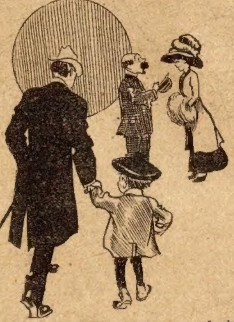
"These are not today's crusts," said mother. "They are some more of last week's. They're not half gone yet!"

Freddy was ready to cry, but he remembered the advanced number of his eleven years and manfully kept back the tears.

For seven nights the pudding appeared and Freddy had to eat every crumb of them. He hated the word pudding and, as for his bread crusts at breakfast and luncheon, he ate them up so fast that his mother was afraid he would choke.

The crusts were finally all eaten, and the pudding stopped being brought in, but as long as he lived Freddy never forgot them and never again willfully wasted a crust of bread.

Unfinished.



Georgie—Papa, who is that funny-looking man?

Papa—That, my son, is Mr. Smith. He is a self-made man.

Georgie—Was he satisfied when he finished, papa?

The Bulldog and the Burglar.

There was a burglar once—maybe he has reformed now—and he passed an uncomfortable hour one night in a dark and dismal well instead of in the house that he had been going to break into. He did not like the idea of getting into the well, but you would never have believed it if you had seen him. He ran for it as a small boy runs for the first pumpkin pie of the season. Behind him there was a big-jawed, bow-legged, stubby-tailed bulldog that was running the way a small girl runs when she sees a box of chocolates coming down the sidewalk. The burglar won the race to the well from the house that he was trying to burglarize in the dead of night and a dark corner. He was grateful for the well. It was cold, but he stayed in it from 3 o'clock in the morning until 4, and then the dog became tired of snooping around the place and went back to sleep on the porch. Then the burglar climbed out of the well and went home. Probably he reformed and did not burgarize any more, but, anyway, if he did keep on being a burglar, he kept away from places where there were big-jawed, bow-legged, stubby-tailed bulldogs that do not sleep well at night.

A Feline Burglar.

Mrs. Williams heard burglars, and she told Mr. Williams to get up and go shoo the burglars out of the house. Mr. Williams did not feel like scolding burglars, because it was late at night, and he was sleepy and tired. He wanted to go back to sleep again, but Mrs. Williams insisted, and he got up and started to look for the burglars, but decided that it would be too much trouble. So he telephoned to the police station, and pretty soon the patrol wagon came up with some policemen in it. The policemen went into the house, and said out loud that the burglars would better give up peaceably because it is not healthful to be shot so late at night. The burglars did not answer anything, and so the policemen went exploring and found that the burglars were a tabby cat that Mr. Williams had forgotten to put outdoors when he had gone to bed.

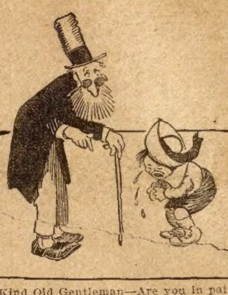
A SHAME.

"It seems a shame," said Doggie Jones,
"That I can't stand up straight,
And put my hands behind my back—
I know Tom thinks he's great.
Perhaps it is the sailor suit
That swells him so with pride.
I, too, can proudly smile, although
My collar's not so wide.
I greatly fear that Tom looks down
On little dogs like me.
He has a supercilious smile
That is not good to see.
Indeed, I wonder, Master Tom,
Were you to take my place,
If you could rest upon four paws
With half my ease and grace.
You think because you are a boy
There's nothing left for me!
It is a shame! and makes this dog
As mad as he can be."

Trick With Figures.

Ask some one to choose any number on the clock and add it to the number directly opposite. This is to be done to himself, not out loud. Then tell him to imagine these two numbers are joined by a line, and that another line is drawn at right angles to the first line, so that a cross is formed. Tell the person to add together the two numbers at the ends of this second line; then to find the difference between their sum and the sum of the first two numbers. Then announce that you can tell the result. No matter what figure on the clock face has been first chosen, if the addition is correct, the result will be six. Try it.

Precisely.



Kind Old Gentleman—Are you in pain, my little man?

Boy—No, de pain's in me.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Mabel, aged 4, was being petted by her mother. "You love mamma, don't you, dear?" she was asked.

"Oh yes," replied Mabel. "I love you just as if you were my own little girl."

—

"What animal is the most capable of attaching itself to man?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class.

"The bulldog, ma'am," promptly replied the boy at the foot.

—

One morning the mother of 3-year-old Carrie was rolling out some dough in the kitchen, when the little miss toddled in.

"Mamma," she queried after a moment's observation, "is 'oo ironin' pies?"

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